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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE statistics of unemployment are finding their way to the fore in the daily news, even though the season be yet a little young for a full crop of figures. The Labour Day parade in New York was called off on account of its cost—so some of the newspapers said, and it is probably true. Half a million men are idle in New York, according to the estimates; and fifty thousand of these are ex-service men. About sixteen thousand are seamen, or so connected with the shipping-business that the slump in that industry leaves them stranded. The prospects for the winter are so serious that the authorities are taking time by the forelock in the matter of providing whatever relief or amelioration is possible. The Commissioner of Public Welfare gives out a desponding statement; the State Employment Bureau is swamped; and the Secretary of the Central Trades and Labour Council says tersely that the outlook for the winter is bad, and that business, instead of getting better, seems to be getting worse.

THE facts in this deplorable situation can be chronicled, and then one might as well stop. Under our present economic system these disturbances are recurrent, much as acute attacks of appendicitis are inevitably recurrent unless and until the patient makes up his mind to undergo radical treatment and be cured. As long as there is no commerce, no buying and selling, there will be no industry. As long as there is no industry, there will be no jobs for men who have been forced into dependence on industry by having the economic alternative of "labouring the earth for themselves," as Mr. Jefferson described it, which is their natural right, legally stolen from them. Hence there is nothing much that anyone can say or do in times like these, with any prospect of being serviceable or even sensible. Measures of relief, soup-houses, bread-lines, unemployment-insurance, and so forth—these all are like trying to cure appendicitis with doses of Squibb's mixture, which can not be done, because Squibb's mixture is not meant to cure appendicitis but to cure belly-ache, which feels something like appendicitis, but is really different. If a patient with appendicitis refuses appropriate treatment and insists on dosing himself with Squibb's mixture, there is probably nothing to be done but to let him have his way. Sim-

ilarly, if a nation refuses to abolish unemployment and involuntary poverty, once for all, by putting the land into the labour-market in free and continuous competition with industry, and keeping it there, it will probably have to go on hopefully dosing itself with liberal, socialist and philanthropic nostrums until in due course it is gathered to its fathers.

We wish some one would do for this people what Mr. Edgar Crammond did for the English the other day, when before the Banker's Institute he figured out that the British people had to work four months out of the year to support their Government. This statistical scheme of reducing governmental costs to an expression in terms of a labour-equivalent, is striking and effective. Perhaps something like it has been done in this country, but if so, it has escaped us. The American citizen is, as far as his Government is concerned, about as spiritless a drudge as Canning's needy knife-grinder; still, we believe if he were shown that he works one-sixth of his time or even one-twelfth—let alone one-third, as the Englishman does—to support such government as he gets, he might decide that it ain't worth it. We might figure it out for him ourselves, perhaps, but we are not good at figures, and it would be a laborious job, so we will content ourselves with remarking that it should be done. This sufficiently vindicates our character and our reputation for public spirit, and is much easier than doing all that dismal arithmetic.

OUR imports of foodstuffs from Canada have dropped almost out of sight since the emergency-tariff law went into effect. In July we imported a little over 100,000 pounds of butter as against more than 1,500,000 pounds a year ago; meat, nearly 1,000,000 pounds as against more than twice that quantity; cheese in about the same proportion; and so on. We hope the domestic farmer will not get purse-proud on what he makes out of this iniquitous swindle, and we do not think that he will. When he reckons up his purchasing-power, we think he will find that he has not cleared enough to splurge with. Meanwhile, when his fellow-citizens who are not farmers pay their grocery-bills, we trust that they will not think too longingly of the departed flavour of that Canadian meat and cheese. As for the Canadians, they do not count, of course, on sentimental grounds, being foreigners; still, what a nation's business most needs, after all, is customers; and all that meat and cheese represents a fairly attractive amount of purchasing-power. If we arbitrarily divert this purchasing-power from us by a tariff, we can not make corresponding sales; because the Canadians can only pay for the goods they buy with the goods they sell. So, all around, it is downright funny to see a nation once more set up a tariff-wall, and embark on the fool enterprise of trying to tax itself rich.

SPEAKING of the farmer's gains from the emergency-tariff, we noticed the other day a report made to the Interstate Commerce Commission by its chief statistician, on the wages of farmers in Minnesota. One wonders where the Interstate Commerce Commission horns in on such a topic as this, but it appears that the farmers had petitioned for a reduction in freight-rates on their products; so naturally the Commission felt that it ought to know just how poor the farmers were, in order to give

judgment on the all-important question of what the traffic would bear. The computation led to what the *New York Sun's* correspondent well and truly calls "the remarkable conclusion that for the farmers of Minnesota to have earned as much as the average railway-employee, not only would it have been impossible for the farmer to have paid any freight at all on his products to the primary market, but the railways would even have had to pay the farmer a bounty." The Minnesotan farmer's earnings, this year, figure down to the munificent sum of fifteen cents per hour. This, it must be understood, refers to the working farmer, who guides the stubborn plow and whacks the reluctant mule, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same. It does not refer to the owning and renting farmer, who collects his rents during the summer and goes to California in the winter. Fifteen cents an hour for a tariff-protected industry seems very little. Why not be manful about it and try a straight embargo, and see what that will do?

ONE of the hardest notions to get into people's heads is that the value of wages is in their purchasing-power and not in the number of dollars and cents that they contain—the notion, in other words, of real wages as against apparent wages. The current issue of the *American Economic Review* contains an article which we commend to the careful consideration of Mr. Samuel Gompers. It is a study of real and apparent wages in the United States for the last three decades. Its conclusion is that in 1918 "the purchasing-power of the established week's work, moreover, was from twenty to thirty per cent less than in the 'nineties, and from ten to twenty per cent less than in 1915. American labour, as a whole, therefore, can not legitimately be charged with having profited during the war. Rather, like Alice in Wonderland, it was compelled to run faster to stay in the same place." This puts the case well and strikingly. When Mr. Gompers gets through reading this article, he might perhaps send his copy to the editors of certain daily papers like the *New York Times* and *Chicago Tribune*. These influential brethren are always admonishing labour to accept gracefully a cut in wages in order that the blessings of labour's inordinate prosperity may be diffused around more generally; and they are always hinting that until labour takes less we can not even begin to hope for economic recovery. Perhaps they really know no better; perhaps they are sincere. If so, this document would enlighten them and change their tune, and Mr. Gompers should make sure that they do not miss it.

THE *New York Herald* of 5 September carries a special dispatch from Washington to the effect that the turbulence of factions among the Chinese is putting the "open door" in jeopardy. "With the international conference in Washington approaching, it is realized that the task of preserving this cardinal principle of American diplomacy and maintaining the territorial integrity of China will present huge difficulties unless the Chinese people themselves realize the necessity of presenting a united front." We should like to know where that dispatch came from. It has enough of a State Department flavour to be inspired; though if it were, probably the gist of it would appear in other papers as well, and we have not noticed it elsewhere. We would wager good money, however, that it will not be long before plenty of such dispatches will be published, with no manner of doubt about their being inspired. The turbulence of native factions is a part of the regular technique of land-grabbing; it is a traditional stage-property of imperialism.

WE wish that our readers would carefully keep track of this little matter. What will really be settled at the Washington conference is the economic status of China; and it will be settled by private agreement—strictly private. As Mr. H. L. Mencken said the other day

in the *Baltimore Sun*, while over the conference-table Briton and Yankee will kiss and weep, down in the cellar Briton and Jap will talk business. We remind our readers once more that this was just what took place over the economic status of Morocco. We remind them too, that it was through the laudable enterprise of quelling native uprisings that France, little by little, absorbed Morocco. The turbulence of native factions (latterly always advertised as having been instigated by Germany!) had to be squelched here and there in various patches of pretty desirable territory in the hinterland of Morocco; then at Casablanca, and finally at Fez, the capital. It is noticeable, however, that after the French armies had suppressed these disorders, they never got out. Mark our words, that is what we shall before long see taking place in China. Wherever there is a good promising mineral deposit or something similarly valuable, one can confidently expect some accommodating native faction to turn up in urgent need of suppression. It is odd that these disturbances occur so seldom except where there is something good to steal; it is odd how regularly a missionary gets into trouble or, some gregarious European, usually with a wife and children, becomes beleaguered in highly lootable territory. It almost always happens that way, for some reason.

FROM tangled and contradictory reports dealing with charitarian activities in Russia, one may strain out the information that Dr. Fridtjof Nansen has made with the Soviet Government a bargain, which is too honest to be satisfactory either to Mr. Hoover's European representatives or to the Interallied Relief Committee appointed by the Supreme Council. Such being the case, the Americans are going ahead in their own way, and the Interallied Commission is not going ahead at all. Mr. Hoover's organization has no notion of giving up the privilege of the complete and autonomous control of distribution, under which it is already operating, and the Allies can hardly be expected to open up business under conditions which are any less favourable to the conduct of operations against the Soviet Government. Just to pass the time away, the Committee appointed by the Supreme Council has itself appointed a Commission of Inquiry, to find out precisely how hungry the Russians are, and perhaps also to discover some convenient method of disposing of the Soviet regime. The objects of the Americans and the Allies are, of course, purely non-political; why then their aversion to Dr. Nansen's terms, which provide for some sort of co-operation between Russian and foreign relief-workers? Surely there could be no harm in letting the Russian Left know what the foreign Right is doing.

CHARITY suffereth long in these times, and not the least of her afflictions is the self-righteousness of the Russian *émigrés* who are now beginning to talk about commencing to do something for the relief of starvation in Russia. The Russian Information Committee in New York City has even issued a statement to the effect that "as soon as the tragic news of the great famine came out of Russia, the Russian democratic anti-Bolshevik forces abroad united for the sole purpose of helping those who are suffering and dying." This is all very fine, of course, but it will not help those who are already dead. Indeed one would be more inclined to accept the professions of the *émigrés* at the fixed price if these professions were not so completely disregarding of past history. Starvation is no new thing in Russia. For years it has been an ever-present factor in the situation; nor did the anti-Bolsheviks fail to use intervention and non-intercourse to increase it, when it seemed to be to their interest to do so. Yet, with no apology for the past and no explanation of their sudden softening of heart, they ask us to believe that their plans for the relief of famine are more disinterested than were their former efforts to augment it. They ask us to believe, but why should we? In our wickedness we have asked for a sign, and no sign has been given unto us.

SOME of these days the Ku Klux Klan may find itself in the position of the village champion who said he could lick anybody in the whole United States, and was later persuaded by a newcomer from remote parts that he had covered too much territory in his statement. As long as the Klansmen were simply anti-African, they could plaster on the tar and feathers about as they pleased, with just enough opposition to make the job interesting but never dangerous. Now, however, it appears that the Klan is mobilizing against the Jews and the Catholics, as well as against the Negroes. This is a gratifying piece of news, and we congratulate the New York *World* on giving it wide publicity in its current series of articles on the doings of the Ku Klux. The Catholic Church and the Jewish community are as well able to take care of themselves as anybody we know of, and our Afro-Americans will profit greatly by association with them in the game of keeping the Klan in its place.

THE Klan seems to be enjoying great prosperity in the State of New Jersey just now, and accordingly the Negroes east and west of the Hudson are giving some thought to the problem of self-protection. An advertisement in one of the Negro weeklies published in New York City advises readers of the paper to carry revolvers for the sake of personal security, while the editor of another New York weekly fortifies his subscribers beyond the river with the following exhortation: "Afro-Americans of New Jersey, keep your eyes open and your powder dry! When you are called, be prepared to shoot to kill!" Down in Trenton, the Negroes are putting together an organization known as the "Kan Klux Too." A statement issued by an agent of this group shows that it is copying, as far as may be, the mummery and monkey-shines of its all-American predecessor. Towards the close of the statement, the agent says, "... the next communication you receive ... will be delivered in person, secretly, as we intend to feed our enemy as they feed us." All this is bad business—lamentably bad, some of our readers will say; but what is one to expect? The authorities might perhaps be able to preserve the supremacy of the white race, without the help of the Ku Klux Klan; but the lyncher's casualty list shows that they can not always save the Negro's neck without some sort of help not yet officially provided.

THE French Republic is just now in the throes of one of those birth-promotion campaigns which periodically afflict that country. The forthcoming birth-congress, the third of its kind, is to be held under the patronage of the President of the Republic, the Government, and the Chairman of various Chambers of Commerce; and already in advance of the conclave at Bordeaux the people of the country are being fed up with pro-parental arguments appropriate to the season. The sad thing about this business is that every one of the arguments which suits the taste of the President of the Republic, the Government, and the Chairmen of the various Chambers of Commerce is, from the point of view of the proposed children, a first-class reason why they should not be born for some time to come, if ever.

OFFICIAL and commercial France looks forward to wars to be fought abroad, and work to be done at home, and accordingly, *les gros légumes* call upon potential parents everywhere to do their duty. That is to say, they call upon these parents to make sacrifices in order that France may be supplied with workers and fighters. This the parents would have a right to do, if the sacrifice were required of them alone. Such, however, is not the case. Back of every appeal to the parents, who have some choice in the matter, there lies the calm assurance that the child, once born, can not possibly save himself from the demands that will be enforced upon him. Thus the parents are asked in the name of patriotism to enforce sacrifice upon human beings who have no choice but to

accept the burden. If, by some miracle, the children themselves could attend this congress of conspirators, they would probably demand that the whole thing be put upon a different footing. The talk of duty would be meaningless to them. Indeed they would be quite certain to demand that the doddering old politicians and profiteers present data to show that a life begun in France within the next few years could be made to yield a fair measure of happiness. Lacking satisfactory proof that such was the case, the children would inevitably bolt the convention and refuse absolutely to be born.

SINCE it is our duty to propose, from time to time, some practical and constructive measure for the consideration of our liberal friends, we now suggest that they begin at once to agitate for a Constitutional Amendment which will require that each bill presented in the House or the Senate shall close with an honest estimate of the effect that the bill will produce, if enacted into law. Indeed we should like to be ourselves in a position to attach to the tail of Mr. Fordney's tariff-bill, and to every other bill of the same variety, a statement made out somewhat as follows:

Minimum Cost of This Piece of Foolishness.

1. Expected decrease in the country's annual output of goods, resulting from the transfer of labour and capital from productive to unproductive industries.....
2. Expected decrease in the annual importation of goods, resulting directly from tariff-restrictions, and indirectly from the scarcity of goods for export.....
3. Expected decrease in real wages, resulting from the failure of the population to fall off in proportion as the stock of available goods declines.....

This is not all, but it will suffice as a suggestion.

WE are sorry to see that our fine old friend Hudson Maxim seems to be failing a little in militarist vigour. He writes a pretty vivid article in the New York *World* to show that by the country's capitulation to the Anti-Saloon League we are financially worse off by about three billion dollars a year than if it had surrendered to Germany. He also shows that the autocracy of the Anti-Saloon League makes itself felt in a fashion more galling than any humiliation which the autocracy of Germany would have been likely to impose. There is no doubt of this. He is right as he can be, and we wish every citizen could read his stirring words. But we are surprised and mortified to remark that Mr. Maxim is not promptly on hand—not on hand at all, in fact—with his one standard panacea, most manifestly indicated in such circumstances. Why does he not immediately urge upon the country the one obvious conclusion that the officers of the Anti-Saloon League, their tools in the Congress, and perhaps some two or three thousand Methodist and Baptist preachers who abet their tyranny, be led out and shot. That was the way he proposed to stand off the domination of German autocracy; and in this case we should think that the call to arms would be instructive, almost mechanical. Liberty is liberty, surely; and if it is one's duty to reach down the flint-lock when liberty is endangered by Germans, why not when it is confiscated by the Anti-Saloon League? Mr. Maxim does not carry conviction; he is no longer all there.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A PROBLEM IN DEFINITION.

PROVIDENCE blessed us with a day in the country last week, and while there we stumbled on Mr. Allen McCurdy, recuperating at golf after so long bearing the burden and heat of the day as *gonfaloniere* of the Committee of Forty-eight. He was discouraged about democracy. It appears that he had lately been looking up the results of the Binet tests as applied to our soldiers in the selective draft, and could not make them "gee" with any kind of prospect for democracy in this country. The draft, he said, can be taken as a fair cross-section of our society, since all kinds, high and low, rich and poor, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, were in it. The Binet tests showed that seventy per cent of the draft averaged at the intelligence of a normal fifteen-year-old child. Now, according to McCurdy, the thirty per cent will inevitably rule over, exploit, humbug and browbeat the seventy per cent. Moreover, with the thirty per cent in control of education, the press and the pulpit, there seems little chance that the seventy per cent will ever raise their average of relative intelligence. Hence the outlook for democracy is a little dark.

We were interested to see that McCurdy had arrived by the "high priori road" at the same suspicions of democracy that Henry Mencken reached a posteriori some time ago. What Henry calls the boobery is the same thing as McCurdy's seventy per cent. Their conclusions are really the same; that the seventy per cent, or the boobery, is and indefinitely will be incapable of ruling even itself, let alone ruling other people. While deluding itself with the idea that it does a lot of ruling, it really does none, but is shepherded about by demagogues of one kind and another, mostly disreputable; and the net result of its activity is merely to make American life extremely drab and dull. The difference is that McCurdy deduces all this from his study of the Binet tests, while Henry sees it as a matter of fact and experience. It strikes us that between these two positions, McCurdy and Henry have gotten the sentimental believer in political democracy about where they want him. They have caught him between truth of science and truth of experience, and if they care to use their advantage, they can cross-lift him clear into the Promised Land.

Matthew Arnold blew this confiding brother into the air, many years ago, with his two essays, "Culture and Anarchy" and "Friendship's Garland." After a session with Mr. Mencken and Mr. McCurdy, we always turn back to those essays and wish we could somehow inveigle these two vigorous young publicists into reading them. No one ever so delightfully riddled the absurd superstition of sheer political democracy, or the inept assumption that democracy can be forwarded by political methods. No one ever more completely used up political liberalism. To get the measure of political liberalism in the United States, one need not read contemporaneous criticism, not even Mr. Mencken's. "Friendship's Garland" and the last chapter of "Culture and Anarchy" will be quite enough for the purpose. The complaints of Arminius that English democracy is an enormous humbug precisely on account of its political character, that England had really no demos, no people, but only "masses with vulgar tastes," drawn hither and thither by some assiduous and flattering bell-wether—these complaints have a raucous but faithful echo in the current stric-

tures of Mr. Mencken. Doubt of the notion that great masses of people "can arrive at perfection by merely following their nose"—this is precisely the doubt which Mr. McCurdy has incurred by his dalliance with science.

The trouble is, we are afraid, that both Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Mencken are themselves none too far away from the political conception of democracy. At least, we wish they were further away from it than they are. By the political conception, we mean the assumption that where most men and some women have a vote, there is democracy. Mr. Mencken, who has a good deal to say about the failure and futility of democracy, always seems to us to be going on that assumption. He reminds us of our socialist friends who talk about the "competitive system" as though there were such a thing. Competitive is the most inappropriate name to apply to the present economic system; competitive is just that which it is not. So Mr. Mencken, finding himself in a society which calls itself a democracy because nearly everybody votes, seems to take for granted that such a society is a democracy. A society in which everybody has a vote is no more a democracy necessarily than a society in which everybody has a dog. The United States is not a democracy, as Mr. Mencken sometimes, indeed, seems to be aware. There is an inconsistency in his position. When he wants to proclaim the failure of democracy, he speaks as though democracy existed somewhere, and he had seen it and knew something about it. When he is reporting a convention, or denouncing the sheep-like spirit of the boobery, he betrays no such illusion.

We are not writing this in a fault-finding way, but merely to express a wish that perhaps after all is pointless. There is no doubt that the word democracy will have very shortly to undergo popular redefinition, because the strictly political definition which we have alluded to, no longer satisfies. The war showed up its emptiness; it no longer fills the bill. Mr. Mencken and Mr. McCurdy are able to assist this effort at redefinition; they have a gift for that sort of thing. We wish, therefore, that they would begin by redefining the word for themselves. They would both enjoy the little excursion into social philosophy; they are both men of philosophical conscience, they like to be right, and Mr. Mencken besides has a good deal of the Prussian's disinterested passion for whatever is *wissenschaftlich*. What is democracy? If the strictly political conception of it is absurd, as they both seem to suspect it is, what conception is theoretically correct? For our own part, we have long thought that a sound doctrine of public property is of the essence of democracy; that since those who own, rule, and rule because they own, the future theory of democracy will be based on the idea of a diffusion of ownership. We do not, however, presume to offer these findings for Mr. Mencken's and Mr. McCurdy's guidance, but merely as evidence of good faith as showing the best we can do with a problem in definition which we wish they would tackle for themselves.

THE RÔLE OF LOYAL ULSTER.

WHILE Sinn Féin waits upon the Lord unregenerate Ulster continues to play the old game. The newspapers lately have been printing news from Belfast which is of the earth earthy, and, consequently, in strange contrast with the serene and lofty debates between Mr. Lloyd George and the Dail Eireann. So

painful, in fact, are the manifestations of loyal violence in the Northern capital that our press-reports have preferred an enigmatic brevity to the usual circumstantial details which are generally considered essential to any story of Irish disorder. The New York Times has gone so far as to hint that there is some mystery behind these curt paragraphs which tell of sniping and killing and burning in the streets of Belfast. There must be a censor at work, since it is impossible to discover who started the trouble and what forces are violating the truce which has been observed so faithfully all over Ireland, except in this one area dedicated to law and order and loyalty. The suggestion of a censor is intended literally, but if the meaning be stretched a little, the term may be accepted. News discreditable to the great Ulster myth, that is to say, news describing the approximate truth about any aspect of political Ulster, has never been freely transmitted to the outside world. There is always a censorship when the reputation of Belfast is at stake, and that censorship is simply the self-interest of British politicians. As far as the press is concerned the relative position of Ireland and Carsonia is exactly that of Germany and the Allies during the war.

In the circumstances, the naïve astonishment of the newspapers is as natural as artificially preserved innocence and ignorance can ever be. If some of the space which has been so generously lavished during the past twelve months upon the rhetoric of Sir Hamar Greenwood and his employers had been given to an account of what has been happening under the ægis of the Ulster loyalists, the American public would have been better prepared to receive a little more of the plain truth than is now being doled out in these cautious and meaningless reports that are coming out of Belfast. When Mr. Lloyd George boasted some months ago about having "murder by the throat," he would have been nearer the mark if he had said that he had taken murder by the hand; for he had just then sanctioned for the alleged purpose of maintaining law and order, the creation of a special constabulary in North-east Ulster, to be recruited exclusively from the ranks of Sir Edward Carson's volunteers. This new breed of Black-and-Tans differs from the imported British variety in one respect only; it is a specific political faction, armed at the expense of the public, with *carte blanche* to go after its political opponents in any way it thinks fit. The taxpayer, in other words, has been paying the cost of arming the Ulster minority, a charge which was borne in pre-war days by wealthy English Tories. Meanwhile, the shocking work of hounding Papists goes on, with all the glamour attaching to authorized servants of the Crown engaged in the defence of the Empire.

Although, needless to say, little or nothing has been published about them by the newspapers in England or the United States, the wretched achievements of these "Ulster Specials," as they are called, have been exceeded only by those of the renowned Black-and-Tans. In a single day, according to the report of the American Committee for Relief in Ireland, one hundred and sixty-one homes of Catholic workers in Belfast were destroyed by these loyalist ruffians. "The scene of destruction which one witnesses is beyond the power of description," writes the Director of the Committee's relief-unit, after visiting Belfast. "To me this devastation was more heart-rending than the destruction in Cork. In Cork the monetary value of what was destroyed was far in excess of the destruction in Belfast, but the destruction in Cork was that of business

houses and city blocks. The destruction in Belfast struck a blow at one hundred and sixty-one families . . . and nearly a thousand persons were made homeless in this district in a single day." That, however, is merely a specimen of the conditions which have prevailed in North-east Ulster for the past year. Curiously enough, while the disorder in Southern Ireland has been widely advertised throughout the world, the English Government has chivalrously protected the unstained virtue of the loyal North. Hence the bewilderment of our newspaper-innocents when confronted with these recent sanguinary dispatches from Belfast; and yet only the other day the Irish papers published a remarkable statement from General Crozier, of the British Army, in which he warned the people of Ireland to be on their guard against the determined efforts which the enemies of peace were making. Out of his experience as a military commander in Ireland he asserted that he possessed incontrovertible evidence of the fact that what he termed "the *ad hoc* regime," i. e., the so-called Ulster Parliament, would not allow any settlement to take place if it could prevent it. Now, as English politicians have long since discovered, the easiest device when trouble in Ireland is wanted, is to play upon the barbarous credulities of the Orange mob. Hence the more aggressive manifestations during the past week of those malignant forces which have been engaged in Catholic pogroms ever since Ireland was abandoned to the methods of force without stint or limit.

In order to appreciate the manner in which the Orange mob is prepared for battle, it is necessary to study the speeches of the leaders of Protestant opinion in Ulster. One of the members of Sir James Craig's cabinet, an estimable country gentleman named Archdale, is Minister of Agriculture; and he so far forgot all the traditions of Carsonism as to appoint a Catholic official to a post in his department. This official had already served for many years in the British Department of Agriculture in Dublin, and possessed the experience which fitted him for an appointment under the Belfast Parliament. Mr. Archdale, however, has been publicly called upon to defend himself because of this betrayal of all the sacred principles of Ulster freedom. He has been reminded that what the loyalists want is "an unmistakable Protestant and Unionist policy." Moreover, a prominent exponent of Protestantism has recently declared that the Orange brethren were no parties to the truce between Mr. Lloyd George and Sinn Féin, and a reverend colleague has aroused great enthusiasm by the statement that what Ireland wanted at the present time was "another Cromwell." After the administration of such heady liquor as this the recipients are very naturally tempted to give an active demonstration of their loyalty, with the result that we get some more of those warlike cablegrams which somehow can not be explained to the perplexed readers of our best papers.

In the long run it will be found, we believe, that it is these fragmentary glimpses of life in Belfast which govern the whole question at issue between the British Government and Sinn Féin, just as a number of obscure, but by no means obscure, documents explain the fundamentals of the recent conflict between England and Germany. Mr. Lloyd George adopts the scriptural policy of not allowing his right hand to know what his left is doing; so while the one is raised in London in a gesture of Christian patience, the other in Belfast is setting the torch to Catholic homes. This is the admirable method known as "moral pressure,"

as practised against Soviet Russia and against Germany. The idea is that the presence of anti-Catholic disorder in the North of Ireland will frighten the South into acquiescence in the partition of the country as effected by the Home Rule Act. At the same time, as the true facts are concealed or garbled, the outside world will have no reason to conclude that Sinn Fein is anything but unreasonable and obstinate. British policy in Ulster is like the munitions on the Lusitania; it is not intended to reach the chaste ears of the general public, though its presence and its nature are perfectly well-known to the initiated.

THE PRICE WE PAY TO MOLOCH.

It is not so much the horrors of imperialist wars as it is the horrors of imperialist peace that cause this paper to entertain pacifist views. War is horrible, it is barbarous, and it destroys many potentially useful lives and throws civilization to the winds; but a peace that is a mere preparation for further war, that staggers on under an increasing load of weapons until they become so heavy that the chance to use them brings with it a feeling of release; such a peace is likely to foster the kind of life that is not worth much more than the losing. It has little time or money for the civilizing influence of education; it has no time for more than the most superficial interest in literature and the arts; it places no particular value upon human life, save as human lives are useful instruments of war. In short, life in such a peace is stupid, uninteresting, dehumanized.

Upon such an era of imperialistic peace as this the United States is now embarked. We have already made a very respectable start towards the militarism which Allied propagandists so decried in our late enemy, Germany; and being by nature a violence-loving people and addicted to extreme measures we may be expected, with proper encouragement, to make a thorough job of our militarization. Towards this end our high military and naval authorities are combining to do their utmost. Our Chief of Staff, General Pershing, is as busy as a New England housewife getting ready for company. He is reported to be straightening things around very energetically at the War Department, and putting the General Staff in readiness for immediate action. It is said that he favours increasing the National Guard to 500,000 men, and that he conceives it to be one of the principle functions of the regular army to train a sizable citizen's reserve and National Guard. This thoroughgoing General is also planning to ask Congress for a larger appropriation next year for citizen's training-camps. Only eleven thousand men are in training in this year's camps and General Pershing wants to be able to train at least forty thousand next year.

Just as we were recovering our wonted equanimity after reading of these ambitious plans for the army, along came the report of the Joint Army and Navy Board on the recent aerial bombing tests. According to this report, the sinking of the German cruiser "Ostfriesland" by bombing planes proved, not that battleships are obsolete, but that they may be seriously menaced by heavier-than-air craft. The Board therefore concludes that it is "imperative as a matter of national defence" that this country undertake the "maximum possible development of aviation in both the army and navy." The makers of armour-plate may rest easy and the holders of United States Steel stock may sleep calmly in their beds o' nights; we are

to have just as many battleships as if the tests had never been made, and we are to have a great many more aircraft and airplane-carriers. It looks as if those tests off the Virginia capes would cost the American people a good many hundreds of millions in the years to come.

Senator Borah, in a recent article on disarmament, stated that during the next thirty years this country's expenditure for its army and navy will equal the amount which Germany is called upon to pay in reparations to the Allies during that period; and he adduced figures to prove his statement. Discussing the relation of this expenditure to the economic life of the country, he said:

The business-men of this country must realize, more keenly, perhaps, than anyone else just now, what these armament-expenditures and the taxes thereby imposed mean to business of the future. There is little encouragement for men of business capacity to plan and strive for success when they realize, as they must, that their profits are to be taken for taxes, and that those taxes, when collected, are to be expended, not for things which make for wealth and development, but for sheer waste and sterility.

This is true enough; our yearly budget is now \$4,500 million and the above-mentioned plans for military and naval development, if carried out, will add to it by hundreds of millions. If taxes continue on the increase while business remains on the decline, it may well be that our business-men will follow the example of some of their British brethren who have, we are told, elected to play golf rather than earn money for the Government. But for every one who can afford to take this easy way out of contributing to senseless Government expenditure there are thousands who are obliged to work for the low wages caused by business depression and who can not spend their meagre earnings without encountering the omnipresent collection-plate of the Government at every turn. These hard-working people—and they are the great majority of our population—pay their share of the national tribute to Moloch in lowered standards of living, longer hours of labour, fewer pleasures, less education for their children. In short, they pay through a general sacrifice of well-being, and the development of a national culture suffers correspondingly; for the growth of culture depends upon abundance and leisure, and a people whose nose is kept eternally pressed to the grindstone of military expenditure is not likely to have overmuch of either.

There is, moreover, a positive effect upon the national life which is quite as injurious in the practice which grew up in Europe during the past century of forcing every male citizen to undergo a course of military training. This country has twice conscripted its male citizenry for service in war, and our present development points to the eventual adoption of such a system in time of peace. It is impossible for a nation to take yearly a great number of young men and teach them that there are circumstances in which human life may be regarded as of no value, without suffering the consequence of a general lowering of the national moral fibre. There is no way, so far as we know, of sidestepping the fact that murder, in or out of a uniform, is brutalizing. If our youth, one and all, are to be taught that murder may be both right and honourable, we can not be surprised if they sometimes fail to discriminate between murders which are desirable and those that are not desirable. The spirit thus engendered may manifest itself in such way as in the notorious Zabern incident, or in some of the recent

excesses of our American Legion, or in the "blamed carelessness" which, according to Admiral Robertson, caused a crew of naval aviators to fire upon a launch full of people up on Narragansett Bay: in each case it is the same spirit of disregard for the sanctity and dignity of human life, and it is fostered by training in the psychology and methods of legalized murder.

We submit that all this is too heavy a price to pay for the doubtful privilege of backing up a few profit-hunting concessionaires. Such a peace, for such a purpose, costs a good deal more than any imperialist war is worth to anybody. Viscount Bryce was undoubtedly right the other day when he warned the nations of the world that they must disarm or be ruined; but it is one thing to talk disarmament and another to bring it about. Mr. Harding's proposed conference will be a conference participated in by Governments which support concessionaires; and it will inevitably take hold of the question by the wrong end, because it will not dare to take hold of it by the right one. When Mr. Harding or the head of some other State shall propose a conference to discuss ways of getting rid of concessionaires this paper is prepared to take a lively interest in the proposal, and even to venture a few modest suggestions concerning ways and means. Unless something of this sort be done, and be done quickly, it looks as if this country, having taken the sword, were fated to perish by it, whether it be in peace or in war.

EDUCATION BY FORCE.

THE prevailing mood of discouragement ought to have at least one happy result. If it does not stimulate the discovery of new truths, it renders men less indifferent to the stock of truth which happens to be on hand. The last few years have made us particularly sensitive to the familiar truth that it is difficult to organize men for any good purpose. We begin to be aware that education, as well as the other corporate activities of mankind, is subject to a law of diminishing returns in exact proportion to the disinterestedness of the end which is sought. If ten men combine to make money, they have a reasonable chance of succeeding; if they combine to spend money on charity, their success is dubious; if they combine to save souls, or to improve the minds of the young, the outcome of all their effort will be something like a church or a college. The mountains travail, and the typical American bachelor of arts comes forth. Four years ago, half of these young men were lads of promise; now they are for the most part bored, emptied of their curiosity, eminently fitted to believe what they are told. The metamorphosis is unpleasant, and may be dangerous, if there is any truth in the saying that the near future is a race between revolution and education. In such races, the tortoise does not invariably win.

No mystery obscures the relationship between the college and our law of diminishing returns. The ideal aim of the college is to enable men to acquire intellectual freedom; and the corporate activity of the college should be confined to the performance of strictly ancillary tasks, since intellectual freedom can neither be conferred nor imposed. The mere statement of the ideal is enough to show why the returns diminish. The accouchement of thought demands that the midwife play a subordinate part. But the professional midwives of a college, the members of its faculty, are quite unwilling to play anything but the leading rôle. They will, so to speak, deliver nobody but themselves; and in the last two decades they have rebuilt the American

college upon the foundation of an utterly false theory, the theory that a student can be forced to think. The tenacity with which they hold to this theory is an excellent illustration of the Bergsonian thesis that intellect is incapable of grasping life. Nothing is more voluntary and more personal than a student's mental life; and yet our faculties insist upon treating it as if it were an inanimate substance capable of infinite subdivision, and devoid of any relation to the human will. Compulsory attendance upon lectures; compulsory performance of trivial set tasks; compulsory examinations at frequent intervals—everything in the student's official life is compulsory. Whenever the disastrous effects of the application of force become too obvious; whenever the normal human ignorance and reluctance to deal with ideas has swollen into the proportions of a revolt, the faculty naturally and fatally sets the screws tighter, as if the student's mind could somehow be pressed into shape.

It is easy to say that the faculty is not really responsible for its own failures. It is easy to say that the modern college is really managed by trustees whose thoughts are not wholly centred on the advancement of intellectual life and freedom, and that the modern student longs only to amuse himself and to make money. But—"it is hard to be good"; no body of men who try to serve the public is exempt from difficulties and from temptations, and those who teach in our colleges and universities have no right to complain of their subordination to trustees, or to damn the idleness and the avarice of the American student, so long as they themselves are committing a deadly sin against the spirit of their profession. Perhaps more than any other profession, teaching suffers from the lack of a Hippocratic oath, of definite standards of conduct which should serve to maintain the quality of the work done. They have not troubled to think out their obligations. They are not often guilty of "unprofessional conduct" for the sake of private gain. But how about the obligation which binds them to do all they can to help their students win the intellectual franchise?

Wherever education has prospered, in the Athens of Socrates, in the mediæval university, or in the laboratories of our better colleges (for our scientists have followed the good tradition), it has prospered only because teacher and student have associated in the search for understanding. Yet our faculties, taken as a whole, have chosen to abandon the principle of association, and to substitute for it a sort of mental militarism.

So it has come about that at the very moment when our need of free intelligence is desperate, the professorate of this country is quite unintentionally reducing the supply. Their pathetic faith in force finds expression in the growing quantities of educational machinery. Of course there will always be examinations and lectures. They are a necessary evil. But we have multiplied them far beyond the indispensable minimum, until the student is so busy obeying the regulations that he has no time to study. In devices which will incite the student to reproduce without essential alteration the sacred contents of his lectures and his assigned reading, we have no rival save China. For example, it is the invariable custom among us that the instructor who gives a course should also be empowered to give, or to withhold, credit for that course. It is a neat and effective custom, and is simply taken for granted here; but the Oxford or Cambridge don who did anything like it would be disciplined by his peers. A few students are irritated by the excess of mechanism into thinking for themselves; but to burn

the house in order to roast a pig is still an expensive procedure. There is, however, some prospect of a better future. Education by force wastes the time of the teacher quite as surely as that of the student; and though discomfort is not a noble motive, it may yet initiate a movement for the revision of professional standards, and may yet be translated into a diviner discontent.

AN HIDATSA LOVE STORY.

A WAR-PARTY of Hidatsa Indians set out from the Upper Missouri and went up the Musselshell River. The leaves were beginning to fall. They overtook a small camp of stray Sioux and destroyed them all. Then they turned south to go home, following the Yellowstone. But one of the bravest of their number, a young man called Bull, fell and broke his shin bone. They carried him into a wood and held a council there. One man said, "Let us stay with our friend and wait until the spring. Then we can make rafts and drift down the rivers till we get to our village on the Missouri." Another thought it would be hard to winter there, and the leader of the party reminded them of the main body of Sioux, who were sure to scour the country lusting for revenge. Then Bull himself spoke: "My dear friends," he said "it is well for a man to die when he is young. You can not help me, you had better go home. It is enough that my own kinswomen shall wail with cut hair." So they made a shelter for him and brought him plenty of firewood together with a hooked branch with which to handle it. They left him also a paunch filled with water and all the dried meat that they could spare and a sheaf of arrows. Then they started off down the Yellowstone.

Now among them was a younger brother of Bull's, a lad named Badger, who had never before gone out with a war-party against the enemy. When the rest had departed, Badger still lingered by his brother's side. But Bull scolded him, saying, "Our parents will be miserable enough, now it is you who must be their mainstay." Thus he drove him off and remained alone in the wood. He thought of his home village with the earth lodges he should never see again, he hummed the songs of his military society, whose feasts he was never more to attend, he saw in his mind's eye his mother gashing her knees in mourning and the pretty young woman he had hoped to wed on his return. Then of a sudden he heard a light tread and Badger's voice hailed him. Bull spoke to him gruffly: "I told you to go home and help our kin; you have returned." "My brother," answered Badger "I did as you bade me do, but as I followed in our party's wake, I saw you sitting here alone with your broken leg. Dear brother, though I lived till my skin cracked from old age, I could never cease thinking of you if I left you here and went home." So Bull allowed him to stay and the boy tended the fire for him and hunted small game.

The war-party reached home in safety and reported what had happened. Bull's parents wailed for the loss of their sons and all the women of their kin clipped their hair and slashed their legs with knives. But the woman Bull loved, though she grieved in her heart, did not mourn in public. Now there was a kinsman of hers in that company of braves who was older than the rest, and to him she went for counsel. "That man you left behind in the timber," she said, "is my sweetheart. I will go to join him, tell me the way." But her kinsman laughed at her: "It is impossible," he told her. "Even a man would freeze to death or be slain by the enemy." But she pressed him till at last he told her all about the journey. She must follow the Missouri, he said, till she came to the mouth of the Yellowstone; then he traced in the sand the course of the lesser rivers and pointed out the way she must go—up the Yellowstone and across the mouths of its tributaries, through flat prairies and pine groves, along river-bends and past towering rocks, till she had passed the mouth of the Bighorn. "Then you will get to a little creek, the one the Crows call Arrowstream. You will see a big clump of trees; that is where we left him. But you can not get there alive; it is too far and there are enemies on all sides."

When Pretty-otter, for that was her name, had learned all that her kinsman could tell her, she went home and without her mother's knowledge made many pairs of moccasins for use on her journey. She also prepared plenty of corn balls and took much dried meat from her stores. Then when she thought she had all she needed, she set out unnoticed one morning before daybreak, following the course of the Missouri. The first night she could not sleep for fear of the

dark, but in the morning she walked on till night fell once more, and she was wholly worn out. "Alas," she thought to herself, "if I can not sleep, I shall not have the strength to reach him." Suddenly she remembered her father's god, the Thunder, and she prayed to him fervently to shield her from evil. Thus her fears were lifted and she rested in peace. The next morning she continued her journey through flat prairie and timber land, along river-bends and past towering rocks. Thus she went on day after day. She reached the mouth of the Yellowstone and walked along its eastern bank, till she came to the Powder River, which was frozen over so she had to cross on the ice. Then she passed across a flat and came to a wooded stream. It was the Tongue River and that, too, she crossed. When she had passed the mouth of the Bighorn she was weary and cold and hungry, for she was saving most of her food for Bull. At this point she was frightened by the sight of a little band of Sioux buffalo-hunters in the distance far ahead of her. "Will they cut me off?" she wondered. But after some eager watching she saw them turn south. Then she was full of hope. "Now I must be near," she thought.

When she reached the little stream of which her kinsman had spoken, the sun was low. She climbed a knoll and viewed the country. "Yonder is the clump of trees where they left him. Shall I find him alive or dead?" She began to sing of her lover, mentioning him by name. Now it happened that the young lad had not yet come back from his day's hunt, so Bull was lying there alone. He heard the song and knew the voice, but could not believe it was Pretty-otter. "Surely it must be a ghost mocking me," he said to himself. But the sound came closer and closer. She was hurrying toward him in the gloaming. He sat upright. "Are you really Pretty-otter," he said in amazement, "are you not a ghost?" She fell down by his side. "I am Pretty-otter herself. See, I have brought you corn. Though it was hard, I have come." He stroked her hands and kept repeating, "it was very hard, nevertheless you have come."

They sat there and she told him about her journey—how she had trailed along the Yellowstone and crossed its branches and eluded the Sioux. Suddenly Badger came rushing up to them. "A war-party of Sioux are headed straight towards us!" he cried. Bull turned to Pretty-otter: "Beyond this wood," he said, "there is a little hill. Run to the top of it and watch them. When they have destroyed us, and turn your way, hide!" But she answered him, "I have come, a long way to see you. It was hard, yet I have come. I will stay with you." Bull reached for his bow and arrows. "Thanks," he said briefly! "Though it was very hard, you have come. It is well. It is proper for people to die when they are young."

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

THE MYTH OF A GUILTY NATION: VI.

KING EDWARD VII died 6 May, 1910. During the early part of 1911, the Belgian Ministers in London, Paris and Berlin report some indications of a less unfriendly policy towards Germany on the part of the British Government.¹ In March of that year, Sir Edward Grey delivered a reassuring speech on British foreign policy, on the occasion of the debate on the naval budget. The Belgian Minister in Berlin says of this that it should have produced the most agreeable impression in Germany if one could confidently believe that it really entirely reflected the ideas of the British Government. It would imply, he says, that "England no longer wishes to give to the Triple Entente the aggressive character which was stamped upon it by its creator, King Edward VII." He remarks, however, the slight effect produced in Berlin by Sir E. Grey's speech, and infers that German public feeling may have "become dulled by the innumerable meetings and mutual demonstrations of courtesy which have never produced any positive result," and he adds significantly that "this distrust is comprehensible."

It must be remembered that at the time this speech was delivered, England was under a secret agreement

¹ This article should be read in conjunction with the one preceding. It carries on the examination of the Belgian State papers translated and published by Mr. E. D. Morel, under the title of "Diplomacy Revealed," (National Labour Press, 8 & 9 Johnson's Court, London, E. C. 4).

dating from 1904 to secure France's economic monopoly in Morocco. England was also under a secret obligation to France, dating from 1906, to support her in case of war with Germany. It must be above all remembered that this latter obligation carried with it a contingent liability for the Franco-Russian military alliance that had been in effect for many years. Thus if Russia went to war with Germany, France was committed, and in turn England was committed. The whole force of the Triple Entente lay in these agreements; and it can not be too often pointed out that they were *secret* agreements. No one in England knew until November, 1911, that in 1904 the British Government had bargained with the French Government, in return for a free hand in Egypt, to permit France to squeeze German economic interests out of Morocco—in violation of a published agreement, signed by all the interested nations, concerning the status of Morocco. No one in England knew until 3 August, 1914, that England had for several years been under a military and naval agreement with France which carried the enormous contingent liability of the Franco-Russian military alliance. No matter what appeared on the surface of politics; no matter how many pacific speeches were made by Sir E. Grey and Mr. Asquith, no matter what the newspapers said, no matter how often and how impressively Lord Haldane might visit Berlin in behalf of peace and good feeling; *those secret agreements held*, they were the only things that did hold, and everything worked out in strict accordance with them and with nothing else, least of all with any public understanding or any statement of policy put out for public consumption. It was just as in the subsequent case of the armistice and the peace—and this is something that has been far too little noticed in this country. The real terms of the armistice and of the peace were not the terms of the Fourteen Points or of any of the multitudinous published statements of Allied war aims. On the contrary, they were the precise terms of the secret treaties made among the Allied belligerents during the war, and made public on their discovery by the Soviet Government in the archives of the Tsarist Foreign Office.

It is no wonder then, that the German Government was not particularly impressed with Sir E. Grey's speech, especially as Germany saw France helping herself to Moroccan territory with both hands, and England looking on in indifferent complacency. In May, 1911, on a most transparent and preposterous pretext, a French army was ordered to march on Fez, the capital of Morocco. The German Government then informed France that as the Algeiras Act, which guaranteed the integrity and independence of Morocco, had thereby gone by the board, Germany would no longer consider herself bound by its provisions. In June, 30,000 French troops "relieved" Fez, occupied it and stayed there, evincing no intention whatever of getting out again, notwithstanding that the ostensible purpose of the expedition was accomplished; in reality, there was nothing to accomplish. Two months before this *coup d'état*, Baron Greindl, the Belgian Minister at Berlin, wrote to the Belgian Foreign Office as follows:

Every illusion, if ever entertained on the value of the Algeiras Act, which France signed with the firm intention of never observing, must long since have vanished. She has not ceased for one moment to pursue her plans of annexation; either by seizing opportunities for provisional occupations destined to last for ever or by extorting concessions which have placed the Sultan in a position of dependence upon France, and which have gradually lowered him to the level of the Bey of Tunis.

A week later, 29 April, Baron Guillaume, who had succeeded M. Leghait as Belgian Minister in Paris, reported that "there are, so far, no grounds for fearing that the French expedition will bring about any disturbance of international policy. Germany is a calm spectator of events." He adds, significantly, "England, having thrust France into the Moroccan bog, is contemplating her work with satisfaction."

France professed publicly that the object of this expedition was to extricate certain foreigners who were imperilled at Fez; and that having done so, she would withdraw her forces. The precious crew of concessionaires, profiteers and dividend-hunters known as the *Comité du Maroc* had suddenly discovered a whole French colony living in Fez in a state of terror and distress. There was, in fact, nothing of the sort. Fez was never menaced, it was never short of provisions, and there were no foreigners in trouble. When the expeditionary force arrived, it found no one to shoot at. As M. Francis de Pressené says:

Those redoubtable rebels who were threatening Fez had disappeared like dew in the morning. Barely did a few ragged horsemen fire off a shot or two before turning around and riding away at a furious gallop. A too disingenuous, or too truthful, correspondent gave the show away. The expeditionary force complains, he gravely records, of the absence of the enemy; the approaching harvest season is keeping all the healthy males in the fields! Thus did the phantom so dexterously conjured by the *Comité du Maroc* for the benefit of its aims, disappear in a night.

Nevertheless, the expeditionary force did not, in accordance with the public professions of the French Government, march out of Fez as soon as it discovered this ridiculous mare's nest. It remained there and held possession of the Moorish capital. What was the attitude of the British Government in the premises? On 2 May, in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey said that "the action taken by France is not intended to alter the political status of Morocco, and His Majesty's Government can not see why any objection should be taken to it."

Germany had remained for eight years a tolerant observer of French encroachments in Morocco, and quite clearly, as Baron Greindl observes in his report of 21 April, 1911, could not "after eight years of tolerance, change her attitude unless she were determined to go to war, and war is immeasurably more than Morocco is worth." In July, 1911, however, while the French force of 30,000 was still occupying Fez, Germany dispatched a gunboat, the "Panther," which anchored off the coast of Agadir.

This was the famous "Agadir incident," of which we have all heard. Did it mean that the worm had turned, that Germany had changed her attitude and was determined to go to war? It has been so represented; but there are many difficult inconsistencies involved in that explanation of the German Government's act, and there is also an alternative explanation which fits the facts far better. In the first place the "Panther" was hardly more than an ocean-going tug. She was of 1000 tons burden, mounting two small naval guns, six machine-guns, and she carried a complement of only 125 men. Second, she never landed a man upon the coast of Morocco. She chose for her anchorage a point where the coast is practically inaccessible; Agadir has no harbour, and there is nothing near it that offers any possible temptation to the predatory instinct. No more ostentatiously unimpressive and unmenacing demonstration could have been devised. Germany, too, was quite well aware that Morocco was not worth a European war; and as Baron Guillaume said in his report of 29 April, "possibly she [Germany] is con-

gratulating herself on the difficulties that weigh upon the shoulders of the French Government, and asks nothing better than to keep out of the whole affair as long as she is not forced into it by economic considerations." But the most significant indication that Germany had not changed her attitude is in the fact that if she were determined upon war, then, rather than two years later, was her time to go about it. This aspect of Germany's behaviour has been dealt with in a previous paper. It can not be too often reiterated that if Germany really wanted war and was determined upon war, her failure to strike in 1908, when Russia was prostrate and France unready, and again in 1912, a few months after the Agadir incident, when the Balkan war was on, is inexplicable.¹

The dispatch of the "Panther" gave the three Belgian observers a great surprise, and they were greatly puzzled to account for it. Baron Guillaume's thoughts at once turned to England. He writes 2 July:

It was long regarded as an axiom that England would never allow the Germans to establish themselves at any point of Moroccan territory. Has this policy been abandoned; and if so, at what price were they bought off?

During the month of July, while waiting for a statement from the British Foreign Office, the Belgian observers canvassed the possibility that Germany's action was a hint that she would like some territorial compensation for having been bilked out of her share in the Moroccan market. But the interesting fact, and for the purpose of these articles, the important fact, is that none of these diplomats show the slightest suspicion that Germany was bent on war or that she has any thought of going to war. Baron Guillaume says, 28 July, "undoubtedly the present situation wears a serious aspect. . . . Nobody, however, wants war, and they will try to avoid it." He proceeds:

The French Government knows that a war would be the death-knell of the Republic. . . . I have very great confidence in the Emperor William's love of peace, notwithstanding the not infrequent air of melodrama about what he says and does. . . . Germany can not go to war for the sake of Morocco, nor yet to exact payment of those compensations that she very reasonably demands for the French occupation of Fez, which has become more or less permanent. On the whole I feel less faith in Great Britain's desire for peace. She would not be sorry to see the others destroying one another; only, under those circumstances, it would be difficult for her to avoid armed intervention. . . . As I thought from the very first, the crux of the situation is in London.

By the end of July, a different conception of Germany's action seemed to prevail. The episode of the "Panther" called for a show-down on the actual nature and purposes of the Triple Entente, and it got one. Mr. Lloyd George, "the impulsive Chancellor of the Exchequer," as Count de Lalaing calls him, made a typical jingo speech at the Mansion House; a speech which the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, had helped him to compose. The air was cleared at once—England stood by France—and what better plan could have been devised for clearing the air than the dispatch of the "Panther"? Germany stood for the policy of economic equality, the policy of the open door to which all the Powers interested had agreed in the case of Morocco. France, at the end of a course of continu-

ous aggression, had put 30,000 troops in occupation of the capital of Morocco on an infamously unscrupulous pretext, and put them there to stay and the British Government "could not see why any objection should be taken to it." Germany, on the other hand, anchored an insignificant gunboat off an inaccessible coast, and without landing a man or firing a shot, left her there as a silent reminder of the Algeiras Act and the principle of the open door—carefully and even ostentatiously going no further—and the British Government promptly, through the mouth of Mr. Lloyd George, laid down a challenge and a threat. Thereupon Germany and France understood their relative positions; they understood, even without Sir E. Grey's explicit reaffirmation of 27 November of the policy of the Triple Entente, that England would stand by her arrangements with France. Baron Greindl writes from Berlin 6 December, and puts the case explicitly:

Was it not assuming the right of veto on German enterprise for England to start a hue and cry because a German cruiser cast anchor in the roads of Agadir, seeing that she had looked on without a murmur whilst France and Spain had proceeded step by step to conquer Morocco and to destroy the independence of its Sultan?

England could not have acted otherwise. She was tied by her secret treaty with France. The explanation was extremely simple, but it was not of a sort to allay German irritation.

Let us glance at British political chronology for a moment. King Edward VII, the chief factor in the Entente, the moving spirit in England's foreign alliances, had been dead a year. In December, 1905, the Liberal party had come into power. In April, 1908, Mr. H. H. Asquith became Prime Minister. In 1910, Anglo-German relations were apparently improving; in July, 1910, Mr. Asquith spoke of them in the House of Commons as "of the most cordial character. I look forward to increasing warmth and fervour and intimacy in these relations year by year." The great question was, then, in 1911, whether the Liberal Government would actually, when it came down to the pinch, stick by its secret covenant with France. Were the new Liberals, were Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, Sir E. Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, true-blue Liberal imperialists, or were they not? Could France and Russia safely trust them to continue the Foreign Office policy that Lord Lansdowne had bequeathed to Sir E. Grey; or, when the emergency came, would they stand from under? After all, there *had* been a Campbell-Bannerman; there was no doubt of that; and one, at least, of the new Liberals, Mr. Lloyd George, had a bad anti-imperialist record in the South African war.

The Agadir incident elicited a satisfactory answer to these questions. The Liberal Government was dependable. However they might talk, they were good staunch imperialists at heart. They were, as the theologians say, "sound on the essentials." Baron Greindl wrote, 6 December, 1911:

The Entente Cordiale was founded, not on the positive basis of defence of common interests, but on the negative one of hatred of the German Empire. . . . Sir Edward Grey adopts this tradition without reservation. He imagines that it is in conformity with English interests. . . . A revision of Great Britain's policy is all the less to be looked for, as ever since the Liberal Ministry took office, and more especially during the last few months, English foreign policy has been guided by the ideas with which King Edward VII inspired it.

The next article in this series will continue the examination of these Belgian State papers, with reference to the effect which the Agadir incident had upon French policy from January, 1912, when Poincaré became Premier, down to the outbreak of the war.

HISTORICUS.

¹ Critics of German foreign policy are hard put to it to show that she was ever guided by territorial ambitions, which is an extremely troublesome thing when one wants to believe that she proposed in 1914 to put the world under a military despotism. I do not know of a single instance where she ever demanded anything more than economic equality with other nations, in a foreign market. Certainly she never demanded more than this in Morocco. Ex-Premier Cailiaux says that his predecessor Rouvier offered Germany a good Moroccan port (Mogador) and some adjoining territory, and Germany declined.

THE STORY OF THE HUNGRY SHEEP.

THE story of the hungry sheep is the oldest in the world. It is in every history that has been written; it is even in the myths—that more naïve and, on the whole, more honest kind of history. To-day, there is not a newspaper which does not tell it. What is this story? It tells that there have existed from the beginning of time two peoples: one, the great multitude, filled with hunger for spiritual bread, blind, but pathetically searching for the light; the other, the few who happen to be able to give the multitude what they need. By a perpetually achieved stroke of luck these two hordes confront each other, individually impotent, mutually consummate, across the orderly, all-too-orderly centuries. Now, how does it happen that in a world in which every consummation has to be attained in danger and pain this equilibrium should exist, as it were, *a priori*? How is it that the truths which a few exceptional men discover should be desired beforehand by all ordinary men, and should come as a mystical response to their need? Truly, history is stranger than fiction.

In reality this picture, the commonplace of history, the commonplace of modern—that is, democratic—thought, is entirely false. The discoverers of great truths and great illusions have created not merely these but the desire of the people for them. The “success” of religions, the fact that they have satisfied a spiritual need of man, is easily understood when we know that they have also created the need they have satisfied. They have made themselves necessary to man—by convincing him that they are necessary. How unutterable is your longing for *us*, they have said; and men have one day discovered within them an unutterable longing. By ennobling the sublimity of the desires which they have awakened, religions have thus done more than any other human power to deepen and subtilize man, and to make him interesting. They have uttered, as Nietzsche divined, the very questions which eventually carry man on an irresistible tide beyond them, and make him free of all religions, and also free from them all. Religion is the great instrument of emancipation from religion; that is, so long as it is living and real. But religion is of value to man only so far as it raises questions within him; makes him discontented, needy, filled with desire; for out of his poverty he raises himself up, attains a new integration, and in doing so discovers that he has created himself—by no means in his own image, but in that of more heroic minds than his own. This, if anything, is greatness. But, alas! religion also answers questions, and answers them in the most disastrous way—from and to eternity; it puts the spirit in a prison and rolls upon the door the monstrous rock of infinity itself; and this is the greatest sin that can be committed against man. For whatever imprisons is evil; and all religions become prisons sooner or later.

Yet what a day it was when a prophet first proclaimed that man can not live without the truth! What marvellous effects that heroic lie has had! How wonderfully it has etherealized that heavy clod, man, filling him with desires not out of himself, alien desires, which fashioned for themselves a heaven and the wings to fly into it! But everything was ruined when the same prophet proceeded to give man and his heirs to the end of time the truth for which they longed. For the truths of the father, alas! are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations, even of those who hate them.

Let us return to the hungry sheep. It is said in all seriousness that they can not live without the truth. They can not be happy in a lie! Yet the Baptist believes that without being ducked in a tank no man can “go to heaven”; and he is more proud of this belief than of anything else. What men—that is, the majority of men—really desire, of course, is not truth, but certainty. They long for a truth which will make the search for truth unnecessary. They wish things to be settled, so that they need not think again about them. So long, therefore, as a hypothesis, no matter how unbelievable it is, settles things, they will believe in it; and if their mind balks at the decision, their desires will gladly supersede it. The extravagant and absurd faiths of mankind have “worked” not because they are credible, but because when men want to have a feeling of security, nothing which gives it to them can be incredible. The most abstruse metaphysical systems and the most simple theological creeds have thus for men the most omnipotent attraction, that of certainty. To be told that things are finally so and so, that it is not only unnecessary but wicked to search further; this is to the multitude bliss, salvation, a foretaste of paradise itself. It is not the voice of the spirit, but the chorus of the desires which acclaim and crown with universality a truth.

When we listen to the real searcher for truth we seem to be hearing for the first time a foreign language, one which must be painfully learned. For the searcher for truth does not *wish* to find certainty in the things he discovers; he is at a loss if he reaches what appears to be an end. He desires the quest of truth to be eternal, and he is overjoyed when he meets the unexpected, the incredible, the exception to all known laws, for thus his sense of adventure is eternally aroused and again aroused. He is not interested in what is known, but only in what might be known, what is still to be discovered, what is possible or even impossible; and rather than state over again what has already been formulated, he will be content simply with asking questions, or he will break up the stale formulæ of knowledge and cast suspicion on everything, so that he may awaken doubt, increase chance, and create for himself a new realm of freedom, of adventure and discovery.

How is it still possible, then, to believe that between these two classes of men, the multitude and the seekers for truth, there is a preordained harmony of need and fulfilment? How could it ever have been possible to believe this? Or, rather, out of what could this belief have arisen? Out of that mysterious weakness of man which makes him translate even his greatest and most spontaneous deeds into duties. It is not enough that one should search for the truth; one must justify it by reference to man. One must serve or appear to serve. Every one must have a master—the masters most of all; and there are only two masters finally, God and “the people.” Now, however, when God is worshipped less universally than he once was, the master of all men is the people; whatever is done “for the people” is alone justified. So the thinker must not only love the truth; he must do so “for the people.” By this happy arrangement everybody is given a master. The discoverer of truth is the master of the multitude, and the multitude is the master of the searcher for truth. Thus, in the mere necessity of duty, the glory and the spontaneity of creation are extinguished. This is the curse which abases to impotence the human spirit in our time. While the thinker justified himself only to God, mankind could still be regarded not merely as something for whom,

but as something with whom a creative aim might be realized. But mankind is no longer an instrument out of which great will and great love can evoke a harmony, but a multitudinous Babel, to which the thinker must set his ear in order to tell it what itself is. This, disguise it as we may, is the impotence not only of exceptional men, but of the multitude itself.

The time has come when we must overcome this lie or be overcome by it. Thinkers, artists and men of action can no more do anything with the world; and the only thing we know about the world is that it can do nothing with itself. The constant attribute of the multitude is neither affirmation nor negation: it is indifference. The people are neither positive nor negative, but they can become either. This is what every leader, temporal or spiritual, has known; this intuition, along with a love unconditional, and justifying itself to nothing above or beneath the sun, has made it possible for them to give the drama of humanity a meaning. But the greatest men are not strong enough to admit this to themselves; they need "the people," not that they may serve it, but that they may put it between themselves and their masterlessness. They do not need to serve: they need simply a master. They can not endure—for in every one there is a slave—the terrible knowledge that there is nothing to which they are responsible except their own spirit; that their deeds justify themselves, or are not justified by any tribunal. Yet this is the truth, hitherto the bitterest, but some day to become perhaps the saving truth. The creative thinker does not need salvation; he brings it: this some day he must acknowledge. The leader is led by no one; there are men only behind, but not before him; there is nothing that is known; this some day must be acknowledged. The great man is not justified by serving the multitude but by moulding it to his desire; thus both are saved; this must be known some day as the truth. The multitude alone, and not the exception, needs justification, unconsciously cries out to be shaped, to have its indifference weighed down to one side or the other, that its destiny might be decided. But those whose fate it should be to redeem the multitude—the guiltless if they but knew it—themselves crave justification, and from the multitude. Nothing more sad than this comedy has ever been enacted; for in it humanity not only remains helpless, but constantly achieves helplessness.

The power to create and to value has to-day sunk so low that whatever truths strengthen it, or even give it encouragement, must be proclaimed again and again. The exceptional man has become so powerless; his meaning, his *raison d'être* as an exception, has been forgotten so completely both by men and by himself, that he must be defended, he must be given the confidence to become what he is. His fetter is to be forged by the intellect, the great leveller, the grand democrat; and what the intellect has bound it can still unloose. For it is a lie which the intellect itself now points out to us, that great thoughts come because the poor in spirit desire them; that rare minds are the servants of the vulgar; that the creative deeds of the spirit are mere tasks, a despairing attempt to fill up an abyss of human need which is insatiable.

The creative man creates, and has always created, because he desires to enrich and to shape the world. If men desire what he has created, he himself has awakened that desire in them, that through it the work of his hands might triumph. The world can still be shaped by those who are great enough to do not what the world needs, but what they will the world should need. Creation is spontaneous through

and through; it is utterly omnipotent and utterly free. Great religions have not been dictated by the need of the world; they have dictated to the world its need for them. Thus they have transformed the world. Whoever can still plant in the hearts of men a new need will be a creator and a transfigurer of men; and who can doubt that there are transformations possible yet? The creative spirit of man is free if it would but know itself.

EDWIN MUIR.

ASOKA AND THE HISTORIANS.

SINCE the time of the Greeks (with whom most "problems" originate), there have been two theories regarding the capacity of the historian, and two kinds of history produced to correspond with the two theories. The "modern" and scientific writer held in the age of Pericles and holds now, that a sufficiently minute study of the past will ultimately enable the historian to contribute something towards the predicting of the future, while the apparently humbler Herodotus, who still has supporters, when he deviated from his ordinary flow of pleasant yarns, came to a standstill before the mysteries of theology and gave up the attempt to discover mechanical laws of cause and effect, by reference to which the world's story from beginning to end could be shown to be logically consequent. Why did Xerxes's colossal armada fail? Herodotus shrugs his shoulders and murmurs something about divine displeasure. Which is another way of saying: for no evident reason.

Historians can never tell the essential truth about the past: human personality, which baffles the artist, the metaphysician and the psychologist, is too obscure for them. Nobody at the present day can set before us the minds of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau as they really were at the time of the peace conference: they could not do it themselves; and nobody will be able to paint the picture in the future. Dr. A., who knows something about economics, will start his argument from coal-mines, railways and oil-fields; clever young Mr. B. will talk about racial sentiment and personal antipathies and sympathies; and learned Herr C. will gain fresh light from the study of the dances of the primitive Celts and the marriage customs of the Gauls. Then some one will revive the Big Man theory, and somebody else will contradict him with thunder and lightning; and so on till the end of the world or the final crash of civilization.

Asoka exemplifies the process. He has been dead for nearly twenty-two centuries. A good deal is known about him, partly from inscriptions of his found on rocks and pillars scattered all over India, most of which—with considerable extensions to the West—was under his rule, partly from Buddhist literature, and partly from tradition. We can imagine that in childhood he was nurtured in the doctrines of *Realpolitik* by his father's minister Kautilya, who wrote what must have been a very interesting book on the theory of government, with special reference to the organization of the civil service and the secret service and to the niceties of the so-called "science of punishment." We know that Asoka in his youth saw the results of *Realpolitik*, and that it was personal experience of the horrors of war which occasioned his adoption of Buddhism. He gave up hunting; presumably he suppressed the gladiatorial displays and fights between wild beasts which were among the amusements of the court; and he ordered that animals should no longer be slaughtered for the royal kitchens. Throughout his dominions he proclaimed the doctrine of *ahimsa*, or the sanctity of life, which is said to be probably older than Buddhism, but to owe its present ascendancy among the Hindus principally to the teachings of the Buddhists and the Jains—a sect which originated at about the same time as the Buddhists, and from the first preached *ahimsa* in a still more extreme form than they. The doctrine has recently been given very great prominence

by Mr. Gandhi, who is himself a Jain. To crowd fact on fact, we know that in Asoka's time missionaries went all over India, to Ceylon and—according to Asoka's account—to the kingdoms of Alexander's generals in Africa, Asia and on the edge of Europe. We know that Asoka enjoined just administration on his subordinates and gave orders that he himself should be interrupted if necessary at any time, day or night, even when he was in the women's portion of the palace. But sooner or later we come to the point at which the authorities quite evidently can not decide.

Was Asoka a saint? Or was he a very remarkable man, of decent instincts and reasonably impersonal ambition, who saw that in India the dominant factor is religion, and accordingly adopted a religious creed which was already carrying everything before it? The historical authorities are diametrically opposed on this point, and here is food for the moralist. The verdict of posterity is the most fluid element in the whole universal flux; and eminent men who have died happy in the thought that time would vindicate them have customarily been blackguarded by historians hundreds of years after their deaths. The consolation in the case of Asoka is that he seems to have had little wish for posthumous renown. He wrote his edicts, it is true, on hard rock; but he lived, they say, in a wooden palace—perhaps not entirely because stone is harder to manipulate. The few works of sculpture which survive from that age are famous for their meticulous beauty, while the fact that their technique is the technique of carving applied to stone, indicates that the big cities of the time contained numbers of masterpieces in wood which are now irrecoverably lost.

Buddhist doctrine lays down that the desire for a future life is a form of "mental intoxication." If this is so, the lust for permanent fame is obviously no less vinous. We can, therefore, be fairly certain that Asoka himself would not bother much about the controversy as to whether he was a man of religion who occupied himself with politics or a politician who occupied himself with religion.

H. O. LEE.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

X: THE GRADGRIND OF THE GOSPELS.

THE complicity of Thomas in that ignominious stampede of the Apostles which ensued immediately upon the betrayal of Jesus is difficult to understand. The key to the career of Thomas lies in the fact that he was a man of science in the somewhat British exemplification of the type made so familiar to us by such men as Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Sir Joseph Hooker, Lyell and Darwin. Thomas was in consequence a solitary figure among the twelve. He understood what is known in the jargon of our latter-day experimental psychologists as the limits, the scope and the nature of scientific method.

Naturally, then, the writers of the synoptic gospels had no use for him. We find them in a conspiracy of silence against Thomas. His faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was too much like that of Lyell, to whom there was never a conflict between faith and geology because geology is so much finer than faith. Thomas, again, had the fighting instinct of Huxley, the same joy in the conflict for the mere sake of it. It was said of the character of Darwin that, taken as a whole, it combined nobility and power, and this very fact emerges in his great prototype, the Apostle Thomas. Unfortunately for Thomas, he was as un congenial as the great English chemist Cavendish or as Herbert Spencer himself, and quite as indifferent to conclusions and considerations that were not strictly scientific.

The position of this Apostle was made additionally difficult among the twelve through his anticipation of the modern scientist's belief that all knowledge is based on sense-impressions. Knowledge, to Thomas, could not go beyond what the senses can perceive and by an antici-

pation of modern psychology so amazing that it could not be credited if the record were not before us, Thomas insisted that the most important of the senses in the acquisition of knowledge are sight and touch.

This greatness of Thomas as a man of science is certainly not consistent with his flight with the rest of the Apostles when Jesus was dragged off in the night. Intrepidity is the conspicuous trait of the born scientist, and Thomas certainly displayed it when first the Jews sought to lay violent hands upon Jesus. The Master had suggested that he and the twelve go back to Judæa. They were astounded. Thomas alone showed the stuff of which heroes are made—and great scientists as well. "Let us also go," he suggested, "that we may die with him." Thomas was thoroughly persuaded that no triumph would crown the expedition. It was not, therefore, on scientific grounds that he spoke—it was from sheer love for the Master. His whole career shows how precisely his motive in embarking with the others upon the great adventure anticipates the mood of Darwin when he undertook that famous voyage in the "Beagle."

It can only be inferred from the modernity of the scientific spirit in Thomas that he too had travelled far and wide in a ship. Huxley became a scientist because he made that voyage in the "Rattlesnake." Darwin could overthrow the traditional zoology of Cuvier because a voyage in the "Beagle" had equipped him with the facts. Hooker owed everything to his expedition with the "Erebus." Thomas, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, reveals in every word and gesture the all-too-British type of scientist whose reverence is for facts—the Gradgrind of the Gospels. Thomas, too, was the Darwin of a band which contained no Lyell, no Huxley and no Spencer to comprise within it a quartet that was competent to withstand so formidable a group in the other camp as Peter and James, Andrew and John.

Thomas, one must think, then, was the last to take to his heels on that fatal night of the agony in the garden. He was completely exhausted by the hours of vigil and he fell asleep like the others only to be aroused by the suddenness of the catastrophe. Everybody in the apostolic camp was fagged out, to use the trans-Atlantic term, or, as we say over here, all in. There was a panic as, with blinking eyes, they saw Jesus led off by the soldiers, and then they scattered. Peter, however, was not the first to come to himself, to turn about and to follow the Master. There was a certain young man whose name Mark does not reveal but who must have been sleeping with the others because he had nothing on but his night-clothes. This youth started to follow the mob that held Jesus captive and although the theologians insist that this youth was one of their own kind—John—they have only their own inference to convince us with. The inference that it was Thomas is far more in keeping with the intrepidity of the character of the true scientist than with the timidity and the femininity of the character of the true theologian. Nevertheless, the Christian world seems nearly persuaded that it was John whom the other young men laid hands on, John who was forcibly detained as he followed the Master, John who left his night-dress behind him to run naked away. In reality, it was all the swift, uncivil, athletic, English thing that a Darwin would have done in the wilds of Patagonia or an Alfred Russel Wallace on the banks of the Amazon for the sake of verifying some elusive fact or capturing a vagrant specimen. The diaries of British anthropologists are filled with such episodes. Thomas, thorough scientist that he was, did what Darwin or Wallace would have done—observed and verified before he fled.

On that fatal night, at any rate, Thomas reached with reference to Jesus very much the conclusion of Huxley regarding the zoology of Cuvier—his teaching was fashioned in too ancient a school. It was not scientific in method and it led to inexact results. The Apostle had already intimated meekly enough to the Master his sense of these limitations. Thus, when Jesus remarked that

the Apostles knew whither he went and the way, Thomas observed: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest and how can we know the way?" He had too Darwinian a mind to be quite satisfied with the assurance that Jesus was the way. The Apostle wanted the evidence of his senses always. He reveals, indeed, his firm faith in Jesus personally, his love for the Master, but exactly as Lyell winced as he listened to the geology of the pulpit, Thomas must have winced at the uncritical spirit of Peter's acceptance of the credentials of the Son of Man. The verdict of the agnostic among the Apostles was that Jesus possessed a healing power and a measure of control over the forces of Nature. Thomas had observed and verified too much to doubt these things.

His conclusion as a sound scientist was that Jesus in perfect good faith had misunderstood the nature of the power he wielded when he said he could lay down his life and take it up again. Thomas observed the earthquake that attended the crucifixion, no doubt, but he was too exact in his method to draw a mere inference from what might have been only a coincidence.

The chagrin of Thomas was comparable with that of Cuvier when he realized in his disillusioned old age the futility of his long war on the theory of evolution. The fame of the successful scientist rings in the ear of mankind but rarely if ever do we know even the name of the scientist who has failed. The agonies of Priestley, finding himself among chemists the last champion of the preposterous hypothesis of phlogiston, were soothed by a consciousness that he had achieved a triumph here and there in physics, but to Thomas after the crucifixion was left only a sense of futility and ineptitude.

He kept apart from his brethren, wandering near the shore of the Sea of Galilee, unconsolated by the bits of gossip that reached his ear, heedless of the tale told by the Magdalene. "We have seen the Lord!" they told him. He answered very much as Spencer might have done or Huxley. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." What must Peter have thought of an Apostle whose raw material thus consisted of bald facts?

Thomas thus became an outcast from the Apostolic camp. Like all pioneers in the field of science, he knew little more about women than Herbert Spencer knew, and it is easy to conjecture what Herbert Spencer would have had to say about a woman who had been to a sepulchre and had there seen two angels instead of a cadaver. To Thomas among all these people there attached something of the discredit of Darwin when Queen Victoria declined to accord him the slightest recognition. Thomas could make no compromise with his convictions any more than Darwin could and Thomas displays, moreover, Spencer's aloofness, Spencer's sensitiveness, Spencer's pure passion for knowledge. He could take no stock whatever in Peter's tale about a napkin not lying with the linen clothes but wrapped by itself. As if that had "evidential" value! Perhaps Thomas had heard that tale about some of the disciples coming by night and stealing the body.

Thomas was so anxious to be spared any further insult to his intelligence that he remained away from the gathering of the disciples that followed the delivery of the Magdalene's message. He behaved exactly as Huxley did when that great agnostic was invited to witness a materialization of the spirits. The gathering of the disciples at night does, in fact, suggest one of those sessions held behind closed doors, of which we are told in the life story of Alfred Russel Wallace. We find the disciples bolting the doors. They were still afraid of those Jews. The appearance of Jesus was verifiable and complete.

Thomas accordingly was humble enough to do what Huxley would not do in a somewhat similar case but what Wallace must have done at once. He went to the house with the closed doors. Care was taken as before.

The priests had been to Pontius Pilate with their great fear. Jesus had foretold his rising from the dead. This meant only a fresh imposture. Peter and Andrew, James and John would come by night to steal the body. Next would be heard in the ear of the deluded mob their slogan: "Jesus is risen!"

The Master deferred to the sensitiveness of his disciples. He appeared behind closed doors again, and he bade Thomas thrust a hand into the scarred side, and look upon the broken hands. Darwin and Huxley, Lyell and Spencer could not have devised tests of "evidentiality" more searching; and Darwin and Wallace, if not Huxley and Spencer, would have said then and there with Thomas: "My Lord and my God!" Thus did Thomas serve a materialized science broken up then as now into compartments of which Nature knows nothing. There remained a Christianity to which Thomas never attained, to which no Huxley, no Spencer can ever attain—the Christianity of Jesus in its completeness, built upon a knowledge the senses can never yield.

Thomas believed only because he had seen. He deserves all the credit attaching to a display of genius so powerful that it could anticipate in its method of investigation—and that too in an age saturated with heathen superstitions about gods who worked wonders—the science of the Darwins and the Huxleys, the Spencers and the Lyells. Thomas could go as far as they went. He never got beyond them. They and their successors to this day affirm the very proposition that Jesus denied, or rather they deny the very proposition that Jesus affirmed. "Thomas," he said, "because thou hast seen me thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

Thus, in the house by the sea with the disciples looking on and all the doors guarded, was raised the very issue which in our day science, the last prince of this world, affirms to have been decided by itself in a tribunal of its own creation—for it is science now that has the haughty hierarchies, the pontifical tabernacles, the magnificent temples, the Pilates, the Herods and even the Salomes.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE CONFERENCE-TRICK.

SIRS: As I write, the far-famed Supreme Council is once again in session here, and again the usual thing is happening. Mr. Lloyd George, being unable to persuade M. Briand to adopt his views about Silesia, is now threatening to return home. He has received a telegram from London to the effect that the Irish situation demands his presence there. So M. Briand must hurry up and come to terms.

Before you get this letter, the conference will have passed into history and insignificance. Nobody knows the result of the discussions yet, but the result, besides being obvious, is of little moment beside the manner by which it will have been attained. That manner is worth some attention, I think, because it is, in effect, the most illuminating illustration obtainable of diplomatic stagecraft as practised to-day in Europe. Here again is the game of bluff being played before the world by that master-player, David Lloyd George, unconquered champion of a dozen similar conferences and also by sundry minor artists like Aristide Briand, Bonomi, and others—but nobody cares much about the minor rôles.

Never was player better suited to his game than Mr. Lloyd George to his conference-trick. He could play it blindfold. He has been playing it these eighteen months with consummate skill and has won out every time, whether the opponent was Millerand, or Leygues, or Briand. He is sure to win out this time too. It is curious that his adversary nowadays is always a Frenchman, a one-time ally. It was so at Spa, San Remo, London, Hythe, Boulogne, but this time more than ever the

Frenchman is the opponent, and that because hitherto it has always been a question of making the Germans do something in the English way and of making the French agree to that way. Now it is simply a question of making the French do something (about Silesia) in the English way and there is no question of punishing the Germans directly.

The procedure at these conferences is always the same wherever the Supreme Council sets itself down. It is as follows: Arrive the premiers and subordinate ministers and under-secretaries of State and attachés and secretaries and typists and valets, some hundreds of persons in all, who proceed at once to install themselves in the most luxurious suites of the most luxurious hotels. Great excitement is manifested in the press, pictures, gossip, special political and diplomatic disquisitions. The stage is set. The newspaper-men, a few hundred of them too, wait eagerly for the opening of the play. The public is supposed to be doing the same, but I very much doubt whether it does.

The first move in the game—we will take the present case—is the mobilization of the newspaper-men. Mr. Lloyd George, having settled himself down in his palatial quarters, gives it out through various channels that there is to be no compromise this time, that his mind is made up irrevocably, that Briand must either yield or sacrifice the Entente. This would be a pity, says Mr. Lloyd George, since it is true, is it not, that we fought side by side in the war, that on Franco-British harmony depends the peace of Europe, etc. etc., but there are principles involved this time that will not brook compromise—and M. Briand is impressed according as he knows or does not know his Lloyd George.

Then the Supreme Council meets and each side states its case. There is a vast difference between the two standpoints. What is to be done? Things look black. The Stock Exchange and the Bourse are depressed. But there is hope. The Premiers do so very much want to come to terms. Then somebody has a happy idea, there are the Experts!

Blessed institution, the Experts. They are like the Greek chorus, they fill in the gaps and bridge over the awkward pauses. They must be assembled and set to work to find a common ground. Fortunately they are all ready, having already spent several days seeking a common ground and not finding it, but they will gladly play their little part again. So the Experts resume their discussions, and the Supreme Council turns to other matters in the meanwhile, such as the Near East, which like the poor is always with us, and luncheon-parties and a joy-ride to Rambouillet to see the President of France.

When the interlude is over, the Experts deliver their report. Alas, they confess that they can not find that desired common ground. Consternation reigns everywhere. The world's attention is rivetted on the Supreme Council. Will the Entente bust? The British Premier lets it be known through the newspaper-men that the situation is very grave. This time all the stock-markets of the world are depressed. Again there are widespread references to the fields of Flanders and to the French and British blood that is mingled there. There is said to be great elation on the part of the Germans, and the Parisian editors talk about the old enemy using the British to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Mr. Lloyd George, resourceful to the last, begins to inspire reports that the conference will wind up on the morrow. He conveniently gets a wire from home saying that he is badly wanted in London, whereupon he intimates that he can not trifle away any more of his valuable time in Paris.

Now opens the era of feverish meetings *in camera* and hurried goings to and fro of attachés and secretaries. Then follows the period of semi-final, final, and absolutely final ultimatums hurled from each side. Rumours fly around as thick as official messengers. Even the sceptics who have looked on at many such confer-

ences begin to feel a twinge of excitement. Even they are almost persuaded that something is going to happen at last.

And then what? Well, is it not pretty obvious that the French and British Governments simply can not afford to quarrel openly; and that the French can afford it even less than the English; and that therefore M. Briand will yield just a little more than the little that Mr. Lloyd George will yield; and that in any case all the yielding that will be done will be so intricate and involved that nobody will know exactly where the victory lies except the people who are in-the-know?

Thus is it made clear that the diplomats did not die with the war, much less in it, and that they are still playing the same old game—the game that is played every day in the market-place between the housewife who wants to buy a cabbage for so much and the huckster who wants to sell it for so much more? The only difference lies in the fact that Messrs. Lloyd George and Briand are bargaining about kingdoms and peoples instead of cabbages. I am, etc.,

Paris, France.

CHARLES R. HARGROVE.

MISCELLANY.

PERHAPS one ought not to acknowledge it, but I never took much pleasure in hearing Mr. Caruso sing. I lament his loss because he was a factor in the spiritual life of a great many people. He gave them something, unquestionably, in which I was for some reason unable to share. He had a voice of great power and great natural beauty, but great voices are after all not uncommon, and when one considers the effect sometimes produced by a mediocre voice, one comes to think that a voice is one of the least of a singer's qualifications. Mr. Caruso impressed me as deficient in intelligence and in the dignity and restraint which should temper and moralize every display of emotional power—his singing, I mean, so impressed me, quite apart from his bearing and manner. The same impression would have been communicated if he had sung behind a screen; it is reproduced upon me perfectly by his phonograph-records. Perhaps I did not hear him often enough or in his best parts, although he was greatly praised for those in which I have heard him. I did not hear him, for example, in "Samson"; and a friend in whose taste and judgment I have great confidence, tells me that he invested the pathos of this part with a really impressive dignity.

It has interested me to observe that in the extensive notices which have appeared since Mr. Caruso's death, he has been compared only with other great voices, and not with the acknowledged masters of the art of singing. One notice made casual mention of the name of Bonci for the sake of bringing out some special point; but this was the only exception that came under my notice. The names of Edmond Clement, Anselmi, Fernando de Lucia, for example, did not occur to the writers. This was natural and just; these singers, I presume, belong in a different category, and one which commands my allegiance. De Lucia made even Canio interesting, and Don José an appealing figure. To hear him, or to hear Clement, sing something of even such moderate musical quality as the Flower Song, with the utmost intelligence, the utmost dignity, the utmost emotional power, and all without investing six ounces of actual vocal energy—this was an experience that I do not forget. Mr. Caruso, on the other hand, has left my memory blank. The mention of phonograph-records reminds me that the future may have a chance to give disinterested judgment on these matters. The voices of Clement, de Lucia and Anselmi have been recorded abroad, and I think Bonci's has been recorded here. I wonder whether in twenty years, Caruso's records will be considered remarkable otherwise than as records of a great voice. Tamagno's records are obtainable; and Tamagno died, I think—I am not sure—in 1894, and like Caruso, died young; I believe he was only

fifty-four. Are his records now considered remarkable otherwise than as records of a most extraordinary voice?

I AM receiving interesting letters from my friends in Europe these days. X, who is visiting Berlin writes, "The drought and heat are fierce though to-day we had a few claps of thunder and a thousand and one drops of rain. Germany is greener than France or England. The folks here seem to be in earnest about the future; they are eager to get to work, to set things straight. An expert of the Berliner Handelgesellschaft told me the other day that seventy-five per cent of the productive strength of Germany is at work. There is an air about of "work will do the trick"; one sees it everywhere. Last night at the Grosses Schauspielhaus they were playing "Die Weber," after so many years of *verboten!* The audience was in high spirits. Everybody looked happy—confident, resolute. Maxim Gorky is expected here this week. Hauptmann is here awaiting his arrival. Germany is marvellous—here is Europe's centre of gravity."

Y, who is in London, writes, "I have lately had the good fortune to meet at least two Englishmen who have profoundly deepened my love for England. One of them is S. whose book-talk is delightful—conviction without arrogance. He thinks Melville's 'Moby Dick' is as great as Shakespeare. It distresses him that we Americans should run after Galsworthy and Bennett and know nothing of 'Moby Dick.' His other passion is—Thoreau. During the war S. was a war-correspondent for one of the London dailies, and when he was at the front he carried nothing but Thoreau around with him. One day he was reading in his dugout Thoreau's 'Week on the Concord' when another English correspondent walked in and glanced at the books that S. was reading. 'Good Heavens!' said the newcomer, 'What a coincidence. That is the only book I can read in the trenches. I have it with me now!' and he pulled it out of his pocket."

Z. is in Scotland and he writes me from Edinburgh thus, "London is like a wise old sage, mellow with the wisdom of life and experience, full of the mystical shadows of things that happened before memory. Edinburgh is like a proud old King, rugged and firm, full of dignity and reserve. These Scottish hills are full of strange colours, and the little lochs reflect the beauty of the hills. This island of Britain seems to me like a miniature paradise, in its beauty and variety of charm. I could easily be persuaded to spend the rest of my life here among these Scottish hills."

By way of a postscript to his letter, Z. tells me the following story: "It is a popular sport nowadays for Americans, when they cross the ocean, to pay their respects to the passengers in the steerage. These *émigrés* are generally found to be disgruntled, new citizens of our country who, having uncovered the deficiencies of this land of the free, are returning to their native countries sadder but wiser men. Not to be out of the fashion, therefore, I decided to pay a visit to the nether regions of the big ship. There I found a medley of Sinn Féin Irishmen, East Side Jews, and German Americans, who responded to my queries as to why they were going away, with very mundane and prosaic reasons. One went to rejoin his wife left behind in Dublin some eight years ago; another went to make inquiries concerning his family unheard from since the beginning of the war; a third was off to Germany on a business trip to buy goods while the exchange was in favour of his dollars. Nowhere was any sign of that passionate spirit of revolt of which I had heard so much. As I was coming away from those crowded quarters, I noticed a lonely, dejected figure hugging a shadowy corner. I stopped to speak to ask him what was wrong and noticed that the poor fellow had lost both his arms. In response to my question a pathetic face turned to me and said 'No speck Englishe.' A few

verbal manoeuvres, however, revealed the fact that he was a Frenchman, but with all my four years of collegiate French I soon found that I understood no more than every third word he spoke.

"For an hour or so the two of us sat on the forward deck and conversed, that is, he spoke and I asked him to repeat what he had said. At the end of that time I felt that with the exercise of a little imagination I understood the Frenchman's unhappy story. He had lost his arms in the war and had somehow, God knows how, learned the art of making silver rings and bracelets and thus was able to earn enough to support himself. So he had come to America, but America would not have him. 'Ah, M'seu,' he lamented, 'the interpreters they speak not even one-tenth the French you do, they are so ignorant. I came on Saturday, was kept on that island till Monday, and now am turned back.' Presently I left my new-found friend, after giving him some cigarettes and shaking the stump of his right arm, and during the next few hours many and black were the thoughts I thought.

"YET what was to be done? The least I might do it seemed to me was to go to the poor fellow and tell him of my sympathy and of the shame I felt at the harsh treatment he had received at the hands of my country. The next day, therefore, I returned to the steerage and found my Frenchman again, but this time he was neither lonely nor sulky, for beside him sat a young woman, very evidently a countrywoman of his, who was serving as an interpreter for him to an interested crowd of fellow-passengers who had gathered about him. As I came up to the group the crippled Frenchman recognized me and spoke animatedly to his interpreter, who addressed me in excellent English and told me that my armless friend felt that I had not understood him correctly last night. He wanted me to know that previous to the war, he had been a sparring partner of the great Carpentier, and that Carpentier does not forget him now that he has lost his arms, for whenever he fights the generous champion always invites his former partner to attend the battle and provides the money for the trip. That was why he had come to America, to see the big fight. But, alas!, the immigration-officials would not allow him to leave Ellis Island, and so his trip had been in vain. Still he was not inconsolable, for it would have torn his soul to have seen Carpentier lose. 'And, m'seu,' added the charming interpreter on her own account, 'it is not your fault that you failed to understand him. He speaks such terrible slang.'"

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

RECRUITING THE LANDLESS.

SIRS: I want to thank you for your splendid editorial in the *Freeman* for 7 September entitled "The Great Recruiting Sergeant." It is a clear challenge to every internationalist and anti-militarist, and I earnestly hope that it will provoke a full and frank discussion of fundamentals among all members of the pacifist movement. As a visiting Englishman let me endorse all that you say about the unhappy state of the landless men of England. Nobody has put their case better than Mr. F. E. Green in his recent volume on "The Tyranny of the Country-side." Speaking of the English agricultural labourer of the present day, Mr. Green says:

Off the ribbon of land known as the King's Highway he is even to-day a trespasser. His native land which he kept inviolate from invasion is still not his. The Game Laws flourish as of yore, and we are hunting and game preserving as merrily as we did in the pre-war days. Rural District Councils and County Councils are still dominated by landowners and farmers. The lord of the soil, be he farmer, squire, or urban plutocrat, is still the lord of the soil, and the labourer still stands at the gates of the Promised Land, knocking . . . knocking.

I shall watch your correspondence-columns with eagerness in the hope of seeing a wide expression of your readers' views on this fundamental aspect of the question. I am, etc.,
New York City.

HORACE FROWDE.

CIVILIZING BY TAXING.

SIRS: Though I find myself not infrequently in complete disagreement with you on certain points, let me say that I am entirely with you in your detestation of the imperialist and all his works. You do well to castigate these gentry on every possible occasion. As you have often said they are all of a kind; there is no difference between the imperialists of one country and those of another.

The quotation in your current issue (7 September) from the credo of the worthy Japanese Governor-General of Korea is, of course, typical of the breed. I can match it with a quotation from a volume recently published in England entitled "The Backbone of Africa" in which one of Britain's "prancing pro-consuls," Sir Alfred Sharpe, discusses Britain's mission in the Dark Continent. One of the "big outstanding questions" in Africa, says Sir Alfred, is how to deal with labour:

All tropical countries need a supply of native labourers to undertake work that can not be done by Europeans. . . . Although the conditions vary in the different protectorates, in none can it be said that the natives are over-anxious to engage in strenuous work.

The African can secure all the necessities of life—supplying his wants so easily—and by the expenditure of so little effort that he sees no object in working too hard.

The great problem then, says Sir Alfred, is "What inducement can we offer?" The author then proceeds to answer his question thus:

In the first place, in one shape or another, we introduce a direct but moderate impost, such as a hut-tax, or a more general poll-tax, the money for which has to be earned. Next, we endeavour to create new wants; clothes, ornaments, manufactured goods and luxuries of all kinds. All this represents a gradual process of regeneration.

There you have it: the great recipe for empire-building and imperialism. I am, etc.,

Boston, Massachusetts.

JAMES ABERNETHY.

THE HOUSING-PROBLEM.

SIRS: In his letter published in your issue of 3 August, Mr. John J. Murphy opines that I am "liable to mislead some readers" of your esteemed publication by representing him as "clamouring for State aid," when all he desires is that the State would cease to tax buildings. Perhaps it is ungenerous to refer to any act of a State as "aid," the more especially in the case where the State has to undo some previous action. But Mr. Murphy points out that two States have adopted his suggestions as "the solution of the housing-problem" which he advocated. I make note of the point that the method of exempting buildings is no solution; but Mr. Murphy is there before me and at the end of his complaint, he confesses that such exemption is nothing more than a "makeshift."

He then chides me for my simplicity. I am taken in, he says, by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company which advertises that "higher taxes mean higher rents." This is true, but not always, because in times of a housing-surplus, landlords can not shift their taxes to the shoulders of their tenants, but in times of a housing-shortage, they can, and do, unless they are expressly prohibited by special and unfair legislation—as business traffic goes—the net effect of which is further to increase the housing-shortage, and ultimately to raise all rentals, over and over.

Mr. Murphy implies that landlords can not add taxes to rents; nevertheless he wishes the taxes taken off buildings and put on land, because "the fact is, of course, that taxes on land-values can not be shifted." To me, personally, in the words of the great American locution, this is sheer dogmatic buncombe.

There are more ways than one of taking unearned increments, and there is no short cut by simple paths to a solution of the housing-problem, and finally, if it is true, as Mr. Murphy quotes the press as saying, that there is a substantial increase in building in New York City as a result of tax-exemption, then I say that New York City is to be pitied—as well as the rest of us—for nothing could possibly be farther from a "solution" of the question than a policy which tends to the further centralization of population. I am, etc.,

New York City.

CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER.

THE MYTH IN THE MAKING.

SIRS: Is it too much to hope that you will supplement your valuable series of papers on the "Myth of a Guilty Nation" with a chapter or two on the myth-makers themselves? That, I assure you, would make an interesting study, and one which a good many of your readers would receive with mingled amazement and indignation. The full measure of the unofficial, semi-official and official propaganda which flooded the press of this country from 1914 onwards till the armistice is far beyond general belief. Every now and again,

however, somebody blurts out a bit of the truth, saying with the incredible complacency of Sir Philip Gibbs "Now it can be told." Thus, Sir Gilbert Parker's naïve confession in *Harper's Magazine* the other day (March, 1918):

Perhaps here I may be permitted to say a few words concerning my own work since the beginning of the war. . . . Practically since the day war broke out between England and the Central Powers I have come responsible for American publicity. I need hardly say that the scope of my department was very extensive and its activities very varied. Among the activities was a weekly report to the British cabinet on the state of American opinion, and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England. I was frequently arranged for important public men in England to act for us by interviews in American newspapers.

Among other things, we supplied 360 newspapers in the smaller States of the United States with an English newspaper, which gives a weekly review and comment of the affairs of the war. We established connexion with the man in the street through cinema-pictures of the army and navy as well as through interviews, articles, pamphlets, etc., and by letters in reply to individual American critics, which were printed in the chief newspaper of the State in which they lived, and were copied in newspapers of other and neighbouring States. We advised and stimulated many people to write articles; we utilized the friendly services and assistance of confidential friends; we had reports from important Americans constantly, and established association, by personal correspondence, with influential and eminent people of every profession in the United States, beginning with university and college presidents, professors, and scientific men and running through all the ranges of the population. We asked our friends and correspondents to arrange for speeches, debates, and lectures by American citizens.

Besides an immense private correspondence with individuals, we had our documents and literature sent to great numbers of public libraries, Y. M. C. A. societies, universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs, and newspapers.

Sir Gilbert Parker is, of course, the well-known Canadian writer of fiction, and one can but admire the skill and judgment of the British Government in entrusting to one so well equipped by nature and training the task of creating and presenting the guilty-nation myth to the American people. But "Historicus," I have no doubt, must know of several other of the myth-makers besides Sir Gilbert Parker. Will he not enlighten us? I am, etc.,

D. E. F.

"BEAUTY AND THE PICTURESQUE."

SIRS: At least one of your readers was very considerably interested in Mr. Bernard Raymund's criticism of an article called "Beauty and the Picturesque" published in the *Freeman* for 13 July. The capital point of that article was an effort to describe with precision two varieties of æsthetic experience and æsthetic expression, by reminding two worn-out coins, "beauty" and "picturesque," which are currently applied to a conglomeration of things. As the author of the article in question I am quite willing to accept the charge that I am an impudent dunderhead for trying to add two new definitions to an already crowded dictionary; and if Mr. Raymund would like to convict me under this head I refuse even to plead my case.

With respect to the observations which underlay my essay, however, I can not feign a similar indifference. Mr. Raymund seems to deny that there exist two such different fields of expression and experience as are represented, typically, in the Architectural League and the League of Independent Artists; indeed, he suspects that I have drawn these interesting phenomena out of my inner consciousness! In his refusal to accept the distinction between two types of æsthetic experience—one ego-centric and one civi-centric, one subjective and one objective, one indifferent to the world without and the other disciplined to its necessities—Mr. Raymund is driven into a metaphysical "monism" which seems, if I may say so without offence, blindly academic. He asserts that if something is true of the graphic arts it must apply to all the others—music and literature, for example. I deny this, as I would deny likewise that a quality necessary in painting must also be exhibited in sculpture. The arts are not a unity but a plurality, and we must not, as Aristotle warns us, think that things have the same significance when they have only the same name. On such terms one would have to practise agriculture or pattern-making, which are both arts, under the canons which gave us a Shakespeare in literature or a Rembrandt in painting. Whether the distinction made between beauty and the picturesque will or will not apply to the other arts is for the present purpose immaterial.

What is the relation between beauty and the picturesque? Is there any connexion between the growth of one and the decay of the other? I reiterate that there is. I do not mean (as Mr. Raymund perhaps rashly suspects me of believing) that the picturesque has driven beauty out of home and market-place, but that the destitution of our cities, in the decay of the Renaissance, thrust the artist-craftsman back upon himself and made him develop his inner life, which feeds on the

picturesque, as he found himself growing more helpless and more ineffectual and more mechanical in his daily work. In this sense there seems to me to be a casual connexion; other interpretations may perhaps be brought forward, but none appears to fit so closely the known historic facts.

Mr. Raymund has done me an injustice, however, if he fancies that I value beauty above the picturesque, considered apart from their social reactions; man is both introvert and extrovert in his interests; and the very disease that has given the picturesque an opportunity to develop so luxuriantly has added new values to life, which will remain even should they cease to be compensations for other values that have disappeared. I would define "use" as anything that adds to the abundance of life, or its ecstasy, and within the folds of this definition there is plenty of room for both beauty and the picturesque—to say nothing of such a stimulating critic as Mr. Raymund himself. I am, etc.,

New York City.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

BOOKS.

A WORLD IN HIGH VISIBILITY.

"LEGENDS" is, I think, Miss Lowell's best book. I do not say that it is the book that contains the best of her poems, but it is, I think, the book that achieves the idiom, the convention that makes her work integral. Reading "From Yucca to Passion Vine," "A Legend of Porcelain," "Many Swans," "Before the Storm," one has the satisfaction of feeling that these forms hold, as no other forms could hold, this special material. There are other pieces in the book, however, that are not such definite achievements.

Miss Lowell has always had a zest for story telling. But her stories, generally speaking, have shown a disconcerted action. We were left unawakened to the thing that happened. Suppose Miss Lowell started out to tell us about the return of Odysseus: she would make us see the hall with the tables and the weapons; she would make us see the web that Penelope was weaving; she would make us see the ornaments that the serving-maids wore; she would make us see the bleared eyes of the hound; the rags of Odysseus and the beggar; the pudding that they were to box for. But the shooting of the arrow—that would be something that we would hardly be made to note. Whether such minimizing of action comes from the failure of the writer really to go along with the story, or whether it comes from the writer's overwhelming interest in things that can be reckoned and described I do not know, but I know that this world of high visibility has not been linked up with a salient human action. The problem involved in Miss Lowell's lavishly descriptive poems is to discover a world where human action will have little significance.

In "From Yucca to Passion Vine" and in "Many Swans" she has obviously discovered such a world. That a fox of the Western Country should leap up on the Moon Goddess, that a warrior should strive to hold back from its slaying whole tribes and nations the weapon given him in the Country of the Sky—these are actions that do not cut across, as the more socially significant actions in others of Miss Lowell's poems do cut across, her assemblages, and we can heartily abandon ourselves to the sights she brings up before us; and what sights she can bring up before us! She seems to have ranged over places with the eyes of a condor. She has developed a technique, moreover, that can set in an appropriate array the things she has seen. She can write processional lines to give us the march of the Inca's warriors:

Copper spear-heads running like a river of gold along the road.
Helmets of tiger-skins, coats of glittering feathers.

¹ "Legends." Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A ripple of colours from one edge of the way to the other.

Feet of men cadenced to the swing of weapons.

So many bows, and arrows, and slings, and darts, and lances,
A twinkling rhythm of reflections to which the army advances,
And a rainbow banner flickering colours to the rippling of the
wind.

They pass as water passes and the fox is left behind.

She has soaring and shining lines to describe the Temple of the Sun:

Gold over Cuzco!

Gold!

Gold!

In an orchid flow,

Where the Temple of Pachacamac rose like a bell

Shining on the city,

With the clear, sweet swell of an open sunrise gong.

White and carnation,

White and carnation,

The sun's great gnomon,

Measuring its shadow on the long sharp gold polished grass.

Who pass here

In an early year?

Lightning and Thunder,

Servants of the Sun.

This poem, with its strong, varied, and appropriate rhythm, with its colours as varied as Peruvian feather-work, hot and gleaming, like strange Inca copper weapons, is, I think, the most successful of Miss Lowell's picture poems.

"Many Swans," the North American legend, has the spaciousness of the prairie. This is a story destitute of even the rhymes of the polyphonic prose-forms; by its lack of rhyme and of a prevailing rhythm it impresses the sameness of the prairie upon us. Passage after passage is held up only by the zest of the story. Is this poetry? The familiar conception will have to be widened if we are to include in it this unrhymed and imperceptibly rhythmized story. But it has a connexion with poetry that can be divined. Its connexion is along the imaginative level that it rises from. It croons itself; and the croon that is in its lines seems to be a mode that has not yet been differentiated into metrical forms. Anyway, it can be said for "Many Swans" that it takes us out of the familiar convention of story telling; as we read it we think that stories might be told so in the Indian tepees.

It seems to me that Miss Lowell nods once in this story. Surely it is not right to bring into the Red Man's myth a word that has obvious Christian associations. She does this:

And a poison leaf from Gethsemane.

She nodded too, I think, when she gave as the title for her first legend "Memorandum confided by a Yucca to a Passion Vine." When the subject of the poem is a myth belonging to Peru of the Inca age there is an affectation in a title of this kind.

Instead of the terrifying sierras of the one, or the level prairie of the other legend, we are given in "A Legend of Porcelain" the rivers and the gardens of China. The exoticism here is not the exoticism of nature as in the first legend; it is the exoticism of remote art, remote ritual.

In this "Legend of Porcelain" Miss Lowell succeeds in giving us an action that has human significance—the labour of a daughter and a sweetheart to save her father and her lover. The poet in this case has wisely arranged the action so that it does not cut across her assemblage of things—the labour of Chou-Kiou is for the production of things that can be seen and that suggest other things that can be seen; she makes a bowl and an image:

Oh, marvel of lightness!
 Oh, colour hidden and all at once emphatically clear!
 Like a bright moon carved in ice,
 Green as the thousand peaks,
 Blue as the sky after rain,
 Violet as the skin of an egg-plant fruit,
 Then once again white,
 White as the "secretly-smiling" magnolia,
 And singing a note when struck
 Sharp and full as all the hundred and fifty bells
 On the Porcelain Tower of Nankin.

Her dress is Ch'ing-green playing into scarlet,
 Embroidered with the hundred shous;
 The hem is a slow delight of gold, the faded, beautiful gold
 of temple carvings;
 In her hair is a lotus,
 Red as the sun after rain.
 She comes softly—softly—
 And the tinkle of her ornaments
 Jars the smooth falling of the snow
 So that it breaks into jagged lightnings
 Which form about her the characters of her holy name.
 Kuan-Yin, Goddess of Mercy, of Sailors, of all who know
 sorrow and grieve in bitterness.

"Before the Storm" gives us the New England highway; its pictures are all sharply drawn and illumined as by flashes of lightning. It has something in it that is frantic and weird, the proper factors of a New England legend. We are shown a lost soul who everlastingly drives a yellow-wheeled chaise, a mounted Wandering Jew. The pictures in it have the memorable quality of things fearfully seen.

Through narrow wood-tracks where hermit-thrushes pair, staggers the yellow one-horse chair, just ahead of a lightning flare. Along elm-shaded streets of little towns, the high wheels roll, and leaves blow down on the man's cocked hat and the little girl's snood, and a moment later comes a flood of bright, white rain, and thunder so loud it stops the blood.

Of the metrical poems "Dried Marjoram," with its odd and original stanza-form, is the most distinctive. There is something of an old woman's life, dreary, grotesque and detached, in the stanza that Miss Lowell uses for her telling of this legend. In the other metrical poem, "The Statue in the Garden," she puts herself at a disadvantage. The tale of the man who puts a wedding-ring upon the finger of a statue, and who is then haunted by a metal wife, has been made memorable to us by Prosper Mérimée's "Venus of Ille." Miss Lowell does not succeed as Mérimée did succeed in making us yield a willing suspension of unbelief. All that we can feel about the Julius who put the ring upon the little garden-statue is that he has been reading Mérimée and has been deliberately trying to put himself in a state wherein the story will become a nightmare to him.

"Witch Woman," the Yucatan story, has passion, and the action that comes out of that passion is significant. But the lavish passion makes the descriptions in the story abstract. Reading "Witch Woman" confirms me in my belief that Miss Lowell, to make right use of the idiom and convention that she had built up for herself, should make her actions into ceremonies and rituals.

PADRAIC COLUM.

THE COMEDY OF SEX.

IN attempting a study of the influence of sex upon the artistic impulse, taking Balzac as her subject,¹ Miss Juanita Helm Floyd displays all the erudition and industry of the manufacturer of a thesis, while sadly missing her great opportunity. After presenting us with a letter from M. Anatole Le Braz, a preface and an introduction by Catherine, Princess Radziwill, niece of the eventual

¹ "Women in the Life of Balzac." Juanita Helm Floyd. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Mme. de Balzac, Miss Floyd gives a "biographical sketch of Balzac," and one's first observation is that she omits to give the date of Balzac's birth. This is not, perhaps, in itself a very grave defect, but very soon one comes to see it as an evil omen, for the remainder of the book is one huge omission.

Miss Floyd divides the women whom Balzac knew into "Relatives and Family Friends," "Literary Friends," "Business and Social Friends," and those with whom he enjoyed "Sentimental Friendships." She has diligently pored over the vast Balzac bibliography, of which she gives an exhaustive account at the end of her volume, and she confirms all her statements with references to authorities; she quotes at length from published letters, and shows how many of Balzac's women friends are portrayed in his novels. It is all very piously done, and yet it seems to leave everything unsaid.

Take the Dilecta, Mme. de Berny, for example. She was twenty years Balzac's senior, and, according to Miss Floyd, introduced him to adult life, criticized his work, and inspired numerous characters in his novels. But it does not seem to have occurred to Miss Floyd that it would be interesting to know how Mme. de Berny accomplished these things; and yet a Dilecta is a common figure in the lives of young poets: she deserves to be explained. Would it not be of value to know of just what such a relation consists, what thoughts were exchanged by Balzac and his Dilecta, what anticipations prefaced their meetings, what each thought of the other when they were apart, and what result it all had on the young man's powers of composition? These are the questions to which we may naturally expect to find the answers in a book which claims to be a study of the influence of women on the life of a great novelist; but for these answers we search in vain in Miss Floyd's volume. Again, some of these women spurned Balzac: did this paralyse his pen, or did he in his despair do better work than in his hours of triumph and elation?—for there are artists who forge their material out of their own sufferings and there is the other type who turn from life to romance. What intellectual processes did Balzac undergo at these times of emotional crisis? Here again is matter for study and illumination.

It is not worth while remembering what characters Balzac meant to be portraits of his "Etrangère," as Miss Floyd enumerates them: what one wants to know is how Balzac came to portray Mme. Hanska in this or that rôle. Was it rage because she had not acknowledged a present, despair because she had not answered a letter, elation because he was about to meet her, that made him choose that remarkable woman for the personage he had in mind? Or was the personage conceived in order that he might assuage his yearning by writing of the beloved? Can Miss Floyd have been totally oblivious to these implications, which have their profound social significance?

Anyone who could depict with intuition and imagination the real Balzac alive and with his women friends, and could breathe life into the vast material about him that lies at hand, would contribute an answer to this fascinating problem.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

A NEW VIEW OF ORGANIZED LABOUR.

MR. TANNENBAUM's thesis in his volume on "The Labour Movement,"¹ is briefly that the movement of organized labour is in and of itself inherently a revolutionary movement in the sense that "revolutionary activity consists in the absorption, the wresting of power and control by one group from another."

The real struggle is for organization and not for the programme after organization is completed. . . . Labour is revolutionary, not because it organizes for purposes of control and

¹ "The Labour Movement: Its Conservative Functions and Social Consequences." Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

change, but because its very organization is the essence of control and change. . . . The control of the machine is the pressing problem. . . . The labour-unions have only one answer . . . the workers must control. . . . Organized labour is the mortal enemy of the present capitalist system, but is not always conscious of it.

These quotations suffice to indicate the central contribution of Mr. Tannenbaum's book. It will be seen that much hangs upon the author's use of the word "revolutionary." Words even when carefully defined for a special purpose still carry their familiar connotation to the mind of the ordinary reader, and Mr. Tannenbaum's use of the word "revolutionary," admissible as it is in one sense, seems to me to be in the main arbitrary, confusing and even misleading. I take it that Mr. Tannenbaum's intention in writing this book was two-fold: to interpret the labour-movement both to itself and to the great body of American middle-class opinion which is still very much in doubt about such matters as the closed-shop, boycotts and picketing. Therefore, one would say, as an advocate of a new view of labour-organization—a view which he regards as conservative (in the best sense of that word) and of great social value—it behooves Mr. Tannenbaum to watch his vocabulary and to say what he means in such a way that his readers will be in no danger of misunderstanding him.

Whether or not one agrees with Mr. Tannenbaum's conclusions as set forth in these pages, is a secondary consideration; from the reviewer's standpoint the primary consideration must be the effectiveness of the treatise in hand, and I believe that on this score the book is open to criticism. It is to be doubted whether any open-minded, middle-class reader—one of the army of brain-workers who must eventually see himself as part of the "labour-movement," as Mr. Tannenbaum defines it—it is to be doubted if this individual will respond with sympathy to Mr. Tannenbaum's presentation of his case, and it is equally open to doubt whether many labour-leaders of the type at present in vogue will obtain from these pages any clear and cogent idea of what Mr. Tannenbaum considers to be their real function—and those that do will realize that the magnitude of their problem is even more oppressive than they now conceive it to be. The third section of his book the author devotes to a discussion of consequences, in which he offers some generalized hints about objectives and methods, looking in a general way in the direction of national guilds—although with some important differences.

The assumption of the entire book, that the labour-movement is normally on the right side and working in the public interest, is just and true—but the qualifications necessary to form a fair and complete view of the facts Mr. Tannenbaum leaves the reader to supply for himself. The book is one, in short, which no student of the labour-movement can afford to ignore, yet to the reading of which he must bring all his critical faculties; for Mr. Tannenbaum delights in loose generalizations and in sweeping characterizations of large tendencies. Happily, he realizes that his inductions do not always fit in with every example which might be cited: "the reader," he very frankly says "is invited to disagree to his heart's content." While many readers will be grateful to Mr. Tannenbaum for presenting his somewhat novel view of the labour-movement, many others will take advantage of his invitation to disagree and will put the book down saying: "I knew it. These labour-agitators want the earth."

ORDWAY TEAD.

THE ART OF LETTERS.

THE fault with the majority of books that are designed to teach one to write is that they are written by men who are themselves unable to write. That is the chief reason, no doubt, for their creation; for it is highly irrational to suppose that any intelligent human being actually prefers elucidating an art to embracing it. Most of the textbooks on literary composition are, on this account, as concise as a concordance, and as lifeless. They

tell us what words Shakespeare used and what words Shelley avoided; they may even note certain felicitous combinations of those words, discreetly culling paragraphic samples from the masterpieces of the great. The final product, nevertheless, is flat and very stale, and is unprofitable to all save the writer. The reason therefor is obvious. It is an essay on style without any inner style of its own to give aid and comfort to the argument.

Treatises on the art of letters even by men who have been born with silver tongues in their mouths are usually of doubtful value. For that reason "The Writer's Art," by Professor Rollo Walter Brown, must be recommended to neophytes with a word of caution. Except for a brief introduction by the compiler, every word in the book has been written by a well-known, if not by an immortal, writer. Seemingly such a book promises the would-be writer knowledge and power and riches. If Shakespeare should mount the rostrum, who would not lay down his soul in fee for so little as an hour's tuition? Euripides on the drama? Flaubert on the novel? Beethoven on the symphony? Leonardo on painting? Keats on the lyric? The mere sight of a board of such professors would make one stupefied with anticipation.

Unfortunately, from the purely didactic standpoint, their lectures would probably prove disappointing. Shelley once composed an elaborate essay on that art which he ecstatically practised; and numerous other sons and daughters of heaven have followed his courageous example, putting aside their native tools for the birch of academic authority. As in the present instance, their oratorical powers have not entirely failed to crystallize their æsthetic philosophies. But who, craving merely knowledge, would attend a lecture on music by Beethoven when he might be listening instead to the Sonata "Appassionata"? Who, desiring to learn the technique of poetry, would seek to make the Keats of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" a Professor of English Prosody? The very suggestion is horrible. We shrink from it instantly because we realize that such a perversion of talent would be a waste not only of its possessor's time but of our own. In their creations the great artists have told us everything, and if we can not feed on such knowledge, clearly we are born to die hungry.

In the graphic and tonal arts the predicament is painfully apparent and can be avoided only by having recourse to actual illustration. In the art of literature, however—especially in the art of prose literature—the predicament is superficially simplified because the subject is handled through its own explicit medium. Hence our mail-order methods of literary instruction. At the same time, the very ease with which the subject can be handled is a means to greater glory. For herein lies the supreme literary value of such criticism: the critic of literature discusses the handling of words, and he conducts this discussion with words. The material examined, and the material by which it is examined, are identical.

Since some ability to write is a prime requisite in anyone who criticizes literature, it follows that writers alone are truly equipped for the task of educating writers. In the foreword to his little symposium, Professor Brown, with some justice, censures our colleges for disregarding this not unimportant platitude. He points out with excusable impatience that whereas potential painters and civil engineers, architects, musicians and mathematicians, are all instructed by those who are at least nominally proficient in their subjects, the poor student who wishes to become a writer is left very much to the devices of his own heart or to the guidance of some strayed sheep of literature. Then he asks:

What student would not be quickened if in his college career he could have just one theme marked by Hazlitt or Thackeray or R. L. S.? Who would not work a little harder and a little longer because he had once taken a course in composition under Flaubert, Ruskin or Joseph Conrad?

As this miracle is unlikely to happen, Professor Brown's anthology is a not unserviceable substitute, for in his

¹"The Writer's Art," Rollo Walter Brown. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

volume are gathered together the opinions not merely of Hazlitt and Thackeray and R. L. S., but of Buffon, George Eliot, Schopenhauer, Emerson, Maupassant, Henry James, Conrad, Quiller-Couch and others, and there is scarcely a page which is not illuminated by the lamp of wisdom. Lewes contributes a chapter on vision and honesty in literature; Spencer has an excellent essay on the more technical problems of style; Poe obligingly shows us exactly how he manufactured "The Raven"; Hazlitt offers some pointed remarks on the difference between writing and speaking; Frank Norris makes an unforgettable distinction between realism and mere accuracy in fiction. The majority of these opinions and suggestions bear so directly upon the art and craft of letters that the information they offer should relieve all but fools of their folly.

If, as Professor Brown maintains, genius should be called upon to hold a professorial chair to the profit and glory of our universities, it may be gently pointed out that genius has always held such a position, to the profit and glory of the universe. Would you take a course under Gustave Flaubert in the art of writing novels? Madame Bovary will be delighted to sit up all night and instruct you. Would you study the drama under Shakespeare and philosophical discourse under Plato? Hamlet is more than generous with his time, and you are given the freedom of the city in "The Republic." Or would you perhaps prefer to become an essayist? Then read "The Writer's Art." The book, it is true, makes no mention of this particular subject, but the oversight is unimportant. The essays will serve you because they themselves are essays.

WINTHROP PARKHURST.

THE KING'S BUFFOON.

ROYALISM may be a word of ill favour in democratic America, but in France, one of the first of modern republics, both the word and the thing itself are still to be reckoned with. The vogue which it now enjoys in many parts of Europe, or to speak more correctly, the tolerance which is accorded it, is the result of the mingled anger and dismay with which the profiteering Governments regard the progress of the revolutionary idea. In France the tangible result of this reactionary panic was seen in the national elections of November, 1919, which delivered the country over to the so-called *Bloc National* with the happy consequences that we know. It was in this election that M. Léon Daudet, chief of the royalist faction and co-director of its official journal, the *Action Française*, became deputy for Paris in the Chamber of Deputies.

This is not the place in which to undertake a discussion of royalism as a political principle. It is evident that, considered as an essentially undemocratic system, it is perhaps not much worse than republicanism; but, considered as a social philosophy, one may be permitted to find it detestable. "Order" and "authority" are the sacramental words most often on the lips of French royalists, and when one investigates their personal tastes, their historical preferences, one usually discovers that it is the golden age of the fourteenth Louis, him of the *anal fistule* and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which they regard as the beau-ideal. It was then, it seems, that the twin divinities, Order and Authority, were revered as never before or since, concentrated and personified as they were in the figure of "the crowned pork," the little, vain, unsanitary, pock-marked, cretinous creature strutting in red heels and immense perrique, in whom Bossuet discerned the Real Presence of the Deity quite as truly as upon the altars. Hence the admiration of our royalists for everything remotely connected with the grand century—the crushing architecture, the preposterous pomp of the landscapes, the cold, odious sycophancy of the official language, down to the vaseline of Monsieur and the pierced chair of Vendôme, to name two typical relics of those fortunate days. Lauzun, Colbert, Fénelon, Condé, they murmur; for it is to the great criminals and

bureaucrats, and above all to the great toadies, that their hearts go out most expansively, rather than to the smiling asperity of the author of "Tartuffe" or to the iconoclastic genius of Saint-Simon which redeem, in a measure, the ignominy of that fetid age.

And what is to be said of the governing class in the happy days of Louis XIV?—neglecting their persons, trafficking with their functions, cheating at cards when they were not betraying their country, educating their sons and daughters in the fashionable vices of the period, running away sulkily in 1789, returning shamefully in 1815, licking the boots of every foreign invader who would rehabilitate their fortunes; always perverse, incredibly and incurably stupid, they form a dazzling symbol of the integral nationalism, the aristocratic tradition which is vaunted each morning *ad nauseam* in the columns of the *Action Française*. And what of the common people of that golden age? Our latter-day royalist, if he is sufficiently honest, will usually reply that the people, for the first and last time in history, were kept in their place.

The contemporary champion and exemplar in France of this glorious royalist tradition, the honourable M. Léon Daudet, has lately become the subject of a volume by M. André Gaucher.¹ First it should be said that the author knows whereof he speaks, for he is no socialist or republican, tilting splenetically at the sworn foes of his regime, but a dyed-in-the-blood King's man of twenty years' standing, akin to one of those janizaries of 1791 who were told off to skewer the Barnaves and Lameths before sunrise in the Bois de Boulogne. Neither is he a mere hired pen-scratcher in the style of Pujo and Warneffe, fighting the war and hindering the peace in the editorial trenches of the rue de Rome, but a returned soldier and, in his fashion, a man of action who has discussed the chemical ingredients of bombs with the delectable M. Maurras himself, and has spent six months in La Santé for his convictions. Times have changed, however, since the good old days under President Fallières, and royalist youths are no longer put in jail for shouting *Vive le roi!* A thick, fatty prosperity, a kind of scum, has settled down over the battle-fields of the *Action Française*, and the only thing resembling a demonstration of royalist youth nowadays are the nasal adolescents with bad complexions who hawk the royalist journal at the doors of Paris churches on a Sunday morning. It is a lost cause, a dead thesis, and he who has done most to kill it is the subject of M. Gaucher's study.

M. Daudet was born in 1868, at a moment when his father, the late Alphonse Daudet, was on the point of giving to the world his masterpiece "Tartarin de Tarascon." There are certain coincidences which seem to explain everything. The present French pretender, Prince Gamelle, who, Bourbon, though he be, is not sufficiently Bourbon to be altogether fooled by his jester, said to the younger Daudet on one occasion:

"Eh bien, quand me fates-vous rentrer en France?"

"Monseigneur . . . dans un an!"

"Tartarin!"

That was the prevailing impression. For a long time, even M. Daudet's political antagonists persisted in seeing in him merely a pamphleteer of loud, indiscreet, meridianal temperament, a fanatic certainly, a madman perhaps, but a madman of good faith, in short, a disinterested fool. One of the innumerable women whose money has gone into the insatiable coffers of the *Action Française*, an American, and not the only contributor of that nationality, once said to the writer: "But whatever your opinions may be, you must admit that Daudet is sincere." Of course it is money in the pocket to have acquired that reputation by whatever excess of absurdity. It is a mistake to believe that ridicule kills. There are people who live by ridicule; it is bread in their mouths, and M. Daudet is one of these people. When he croaks some incredible inanity from his place in the

¹ "L'Honorable Léon Daudet. Contribution aux Enquêtes de la Conscience Nationale." André Gaucher. Paris: Parole Française.

Chamber, and the exasperated House cries as one man, "*A Charenton!*" (the municipal madhouse), no one is more tickled than M. Daudet himself. People pardon a great deal to those who play the fool for them, and this reputation for genial madness conceals a very different Daudet, a Daudet with all his wits about him, a virulent and dangerous journalist with an unquestionable influence in the shadier aspects of French politics.

It took the war, and worse than the war, the frantic intestine battles of the *embusqués* to reveal the real, the essential Daudet. His method was to cover his adversary with abuse, to denounce him as a traitor, to delve into his private life, to invent, to lie consciously and untiringly, to disfigure the facts and intentions, to slander with persistence, to collect painstakingly the foulest insinuations, the most repugnant perfidies, to spy on his victim indoors and out, all in the effort to discover some secret weakness, some misfortune with which the poor devil might be permanently dishonoured and his career destroyed. In this way, M. Daudet got rid of Malvy; he pursued the late Minister of the Interior, Steeg, who was guilty of having been a genuine republican and the friend of Malvy; in this way he exiled Caillaux, whose crime was to have opposed the incredible Clemenceau for the docility with which the latter sacrificed French interests to the policy of the British Premier. Finally, M. Daudet did a really notable thing, and, in its light, it is impossible for anyone to dismiss him as a negligible quantity or as a mere buffoon—he succeeded in causing the assassination of Jaurès, a man who belonged to the whole world as much as to France. The words "Jaurès sold to Germany!" pasted up in all the urinals of Paris were merely the repetitions of head-lines in the *Action Française*, and they bore their fruit when the murderer purchased his revolver.

All these *saletés* might still be said to be the work of a sincere fanatic, a genuine madman, did we not well know that M. Daudet is really nothing of the sort. He understands perfectly well what he is doing and what he wants. What he loves and wants is money, as much as possible, and then more. Apart from this devouring concupiscence, he is neither royalist nor nationalist, neither this nor that. Political questions are for him merely pretexts. His newspaper is only a means to an end. That such an individual, remarks the satirist, Victor Meric, should call himself deputy of Paris, and be the great patriot, the leader of a royalism distinguished by Déroulède and De Mun, is the most incredible paradox that can be imagined. But perhaps after all it is not so strange. A bad political philosophy, like a bad religion, produces these prodigies. We Americans have witnessed similar methods and similar journalists in our own beloved republic. We have been edified by a section of our society, actually impotent and absurd in itself, but like many old things, preposterously influential and tenacious, which is quite as stupid and as scurrilous, as intolerant and as harmful, as the limited but so noble public which buys the *Action Française*. Let us not forget that America, particularly in its respectable aspect, has still quite a number of people who honestly regret the passing of the days when there was respect for "Order" and "Authority" and when the common people were "kept in their place."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

SHORTER NOTICES.

CRITICISM has many functions, and perhaps one that is not the least of these has a certain missionary aspect. If Professor William Lyon Phelps be regarded as contributing to the uplift of our intellectual Sahara—our Gopher Prairie women's clubs and the like—he may be justified to that extent in assuming the title of critic. From any less exoteric point of view he can scarcely be considered a critic in any true sense at all, for he does not possess a catholic knowledge of literature, a sure sense of values, a power of distinguishing shoddy from the genuine homespun, or a faculty for handling general ideas. Professor Phelps's latest volume, "Essays on

Modern Dramatists," reveals him as a sentimentalist, writing about Mr. Bernard Shaw and Clyde Fitch as if they could be mentioned in the same breath, and foisting upon the reader as "criticism" his humourless account of a performance of "What Every Woman Knows" given at New Haven by Miss Maude Adams. To make matters worse Professor Phelps writes planlessly, pointlessly, and, no doubt, painlessly. Many of his paragraphs are models of what paragraphs should not be, and none of the six essays has as a whole the formal integrity which would have come from careful preliminary reflection, from a thorough study of the particular author, from an attempt to abstain from small talk and inapposite personal reminiscence. It would be difficult to select a prize example of this volume's banality, but perhaps the palm should be awarded to the unblushing assertion that "in art it is always quality, not quantity, that counts."

N. A.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR is to the art of music very nearly what Mr. Robert Bridges is to the art of poetry. That is to say, both have seriously over-capitalized their genius. Their similarity does not end there, however, for nominally at least Sir Edward is the composer-laureate of England as surely as Mr. Bridges is the official smiter of Britannia's lyre. In his recent volume on Sir Edward Elgar¹ Mr. Porte has dignified this national admiration for respectable banality by arranging a syllabus of Sir Edward's complete works and appending thereto a discussion of each *opus*, with notes on the date and place of its *première*. It is a harmless diversion that Mr. Porte has elected. If a statistician were to count all the grains of sand on the seashore one would admire such energy and curiously attend its result; and although Sir Edward's compositions are less numerous than the sands on the seashore, and more ponderable, their computation is a task to win respect. As a feat involving industry and patience, however, one can only regret that so much industry should have used up nearly all the patience with the subject which the reader originally had left. That Sir Edward Elgar is a composer literally worthy of a hearing; that he is a technically rounded musician competent to write in all the musical forms; that he has moments of extreme suavity and no little melodic grace—these things are perfectly true. But to rank him with Scriabin or Richard Strauss is to say that Mr. Bridges is the successor of Shelley. In his biographical introduction, Mr. Porte hints at this preposterous syllogism and thereby, blowing a national horn, makes his symphony audibly ridiculous.

W. E. P.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

WHISTLER, in the presence of a certain enthusiast who had been discussing the progress of American taste in interior decoration, is said to have remarked that no matter how "perfect" an American house was, there was always some one detail, some trifling object, in a dim corner, perhaps, that gave the whole show away. That a house ought to be "perfect" is a notion that Whistler, in all probability, never questioned; it is one of those capital vulgar errors into which they are most prone to fall whose constant preoccupation is to avoid vulgarity. Still, one knows very well what Whistler meant: that in our American undertakings of whatever kind it is the final touch, the "little more," that is almost always wanting. It was Napoleon who said that victory is to him who can best endure the last quarter of an hour: a truth that is nowhere more obvious than in writing. The American books that begin well only to end in disaster are not to be counted; and how many books are utterly spoiled by half a dozen inadvertences their authors would perhaps consider trivial! These lapses are not at all what the practical mind takes them to be: to the discerning eye they signify "all the difference."

CERTAINLY in the course of a year we produce in this country enough books to constitute the liveliest of literatures. Yet how inert, on the whole, our literature is; how utterly it fails to leaven our civilization! It is largely because of this inattention to the last quarter

¹"Essays on Modern Dramatists." William Lyon Phelps. New York: Macmillan Company.

²"Sir Edward Elgar." J. F. Porte. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

of an hour, this neglect, in other words, of form. Our thinkers and pamphleteers, confiding in their good intentions and the justice and virtue of their programmes, turn out book after book and revelation after revelation, and the mind of the public continues to doze as if we had no literature at all; one is hardly surprised as one surveys the flat, pasty mass it all comes to at the end of the year. One remembers how constantly William James complained of the style in which our philosophers clothe their thought. "Our American philosophic literature," he writes in one of his letters, "is dreadful from a literary point of view. Pierre Janet told me he thought it was much worse than German stuff—and I begin to believe so: technical and semi-technical language, half-clear thought, fluency and no composition!" And again: "I am getting impatient with the awful abstract rigmarole in which our American philosophers obscure the truth. It will be fatal. It revives the palmy days of Hegelianism. It means utter relaxation of intellectual duty, and God will smite it. If there's anything he hates, it is that kind of oozy writing." If the voice of God is the voice of the people God has indeed smitten it; for things are coming to the pass where, so far at least as the literature of discussion is concerned, it is we ourselves who will be obliged to ask, Who reads an American book?

SUCH reflections naturally come to one's mind as one turns the pages of Professor Lewis Freeman Mott's life of Ernest Renan (Appleton). There is no sign here of what James further speaks of as "the grey-plaster temperament of our bald-headed young Ph.D.'s, fed on 'books of reference.'" On the contrary, it is a delight to read anything so intelligent, so admirably composed, so plainly written with that faculty of enjoyment and admiration which the author ascribes to his subject; especially at a time when one scarcely looks to the Departments of English for these evidences of gusto and independent curiosity. Mr. Mott's book is written with so much distinction that it reduces to the last insipidity one's sense of the flat, monotonous productions of so many of our academic investigators. What strikes one, however, as one thus surveys Renan's career afresh, is the extraordinary degree to which, as a writer, he achieved the "final touch." Is there, at least after this passage of years, anything so indispensable in Renan's leading ideas? Nietzsche showed how painfully his French contemporary had failed to "catch the point" in his general affirmations, in attempting, for example, to reconcile *la noblesse* with *la science* (which belongs to democracy) and to represent an intellectual aristocratism while at the same time kneeling before the *évangile des humbles*. So much the more credit to Renan's temper! How many thinkers without a leg to stand on are capable of inspiring, three decades after their death, and in the land of the blue-nosed Puritans, such a lively book as Mr. Mott's? "Penetration, suppleness, varied culture of mind," Mr. Mott quotes our author as saying, "are the true logic. The form in philosophy is at least as important as the substance; the turn given the thought is the only demonstration possible, and it is true in a sense to say that the Humanists of the Renaissance, apparently occupied solely in saying things well, were more truly philosophic than the Averroists of Padua." Whether it is true or not, this opinion has well served Renan himself. Because he was an artist there is simply no getting him out of the way.

WITH our own thinkers, our own pamphleteers still in mind, one pursues, therefore, and with more than a little amused interest, the story of the development of Renan's style. It is true, he was fortunate; not in his genius alone, but in his circumstances as well. He had that celebrated sister Henriette, who read his proofs and hunted out, as he says, "with infinite delicacy," the negligences he had overlooked: "she convinced me that everything might be said in the simple and correct style of

good writers, and that neologisms and violent images always spring from misplaced pretension or ignorance of our real riches." Better still, if one can imagine anything better, there was the invaluable experience which he gained in his connexion with the *Journal des Débats*. There is a tradition that W. E. Henley revised, or in other words re-wrote, everything that went into his paper, with the single exception of Mr. W. B. Yeats's contributions; and Henley had on his staff the most accomplished of the younger writers of England. The *Journal des Débats* under Ustazade de Sacy was a somewhat similar school. "Write with five hundred people in mind" was the advice offered by this editor to his new contributors: he also invited Renan regularly to read his essays aloud to him and suggested changes as he read. But this would have amounted to little if Renan had not realized how important it was for him, precisely because he was enamoured, as Mr. Mott says, of "Hebrew, mediæval mysticism and primitive archaism," to devote himself to the classics of his own language. What he desired above everything was to seize the accent of the world. He had, in short, the intuition of the artist, so vigorously denied by our own American tradition, that the way to save one's personality is to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

"I HAVE not succeeded in defining my thought," he writes in one of his early notebooks. "It has not the necessary sharpness; I see it sketched like the point of a dagger under a veil, a statue under a veil." He had confidence in his thought; he knew that he had only to make it clear, that his thought alone would vindicate him; and for this reason he deliberately sought to escape from all forms of personal mannerisms, he weeded out of his writing everything that tended merely to assert his individuality. When he came to publish his early essays he suppressed all the insulting expressions they contained, the implications of bad faith, the absolute statements, the emphatic phrases; thus, as Mr. Mott says, his ideas, in their final form, were "allowed to operate by their own motive force, instead of being driven in with a hammer." That, as I understand it, is what Flaubert means when he speaks of one's having "arrived at losing the notion of one's own personality": it is then that everything the writer really possesses in himself comes to the surface, of its own accord, as it were, and manifests itself by its own inherent strength. Renan speaks of the Port-Royalists as having "known the simple manner of antiquity at its best, the style that leaves to each his own shape, and does not give the air of genius to him who possesses none." It was by refusing outlet to the incidental, temporary, captious impulses of his spirit that he consolidated his individuality, so to speak, and created his "own shape," of which his writings then became the memorable expression.

THE real study of style is thus evidently a study of the roots of life. It is something very different from the study of style, in the tradition of R. L. Stevenson, as it is pursued in our universities. But without speaking of a great literature it is always possible to have an effective literature; and James was perfectly right in saying, of the bad form of our speculative writers, that it "means utter relaxation of intellectual duty." Certainly we have no right to complain of the unresponsiveness of the public when the public is so seldom really invited to respond to our ideas.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Manuale Scholarium," translated by Robert F. Seybolt. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

"Decadence and Other Essays on the Culture of Ideas," by Rémy de Gourmont. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

"Selected Poems," by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IN America we take our politics, our art, our literature, our science, as polite entertainment or as a stimulus to excitement in an existence often drab and too even, except for the relatively few to whom art, music, science, are integrants of life. The latter attitude is commoner in older cultures and is reflected in the magazine literature of England and the Continent. The well-known weeklies in England serve as a measure of the mellower culture there. They appeal, within their respective spheres, to men and women of mental breeding and imply familiarity with diverse interests.

The FREEMAN does not idealize the periodicals of any particular country; its vision is rather of the ideal reader, the man of the world, in the best sense. Somebody once defined the well-educated man as one who knows everything about something and something about everything. There may be better definitions. The FREEMAN hopes to be read by the person whom the philosopher meant when he wrote of the never-ending processes that are required of Nature and Art in the production of a cultivated being.

In its weekly round the FREEMAN aspires to be part of the process and to supply the wants which it creates. However strong the emphasis of this paper on one phase of life or another, its attempt, in the long run, is to cover the range of human interests of the true man of the world.

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